

WAR



CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year, No. 38

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, JUNE 21, 1902.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Comptroller

Price, 5 Cents.



KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA,

WHOSE CORONATION WILL TAKE PLACE AT WESTMINSTER ABBEY, LONDON, ON JUNE 26th.

(See article page 5.)

Need of Prayer.

An old saying is, "The proof of the pudding is in eating it." I find to-day more than ever there is a great need of Christians giving more time to earnest prayer. I trust to believe the reason so many of God's people get lukewarm and become useless in this service, is because in times of prosperity they neglect to pray.

Personally, I have found when dark clouds are hung over me, and I have been driven to my knees to pray for grace to overcome, it has made me so much stronger afterwards, and what I thought at first to be a hard and cruel has turned out to be a very handsome jewel to my soul.

I have found a few jewels written. I believe, by men of prayer, and would like to see them printed in the War Cry for the benefit of the readers.—G. P. Thompson, Ensign.

Lord, what a change within us one short hour

Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make!

What heavy burdens from our bosoms take!

What parched grounds refresh as with a shower!

We kneel—and all around us seems to lower.

We rise—and all the distant and the near

Stand forth in sunny outline, brave and clear.

We kneel—how break; we rise—how full of power.

Why, therefore, should we do our selves this wrong

Or others—that we are not always strong?

That we are ever overcome with care; That we should ever weak or heartless be;

Anxious or troubled, while with us is prayer.

And joy and strength, and courage are with Thee?

—Archbishop Trench.

Our boldness for God before the world must always be the result of individual dealing with God in secret. Our victories over self, and sin, and the world, are always first fought where no eyes see but God's. If we are not these secret conflicts, well may we not have any open ones. The outward absence of conflict betrays the inward sleep of the soul.—F. Whitfield.

Our prayers often resemble the mischievous tricks of a town child, who sneaks at their neighbor's door and then run away; we often knock at heaven's door and then run off into the spirit of the world; instead of waiting for entrance and answer, we act as if we were afraid of having our prayers answered.—Williams.

We are often surprised at the outward calmness of men who are called upon to do unpleasant and most trying deeds; but could we have seen them in secret, we should have known the moral preparation which they underwent before coming out to be seen by men. Be right in the sanctuary if you would be right in the marketplace. Be steadfast in prayer. If you would be calm in action. Start your race from the throne of God itself, if you would run well, and win the prize.—Joseph Parker.

Oh, do not pray for easy lives! Pray to be stronger men! Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers; pray for powers equal to your tasks! Then the doing of your work will be no act of yourself, at the richness of life which has come to you by the grace of God.—Phillips Brooks.

Labor is of noble birth; but prayer is the daughter of heaven. Labor has a place near the throne, but prayer touches the golden sceptre. Labor, Martha-like, is busy with much serving, but prayer sits with Mary at the feet of Jesus. Labor climbs the mountain peak with Moses, but prayer soars upward with Elijah in the chariot of fire. Labor has the raven's wing, yet sometimes goes forth in vain, but prayer has the pinions of the dove, and

never returns but with the olive-leaf of blessing.—Green.

The morning is the gate of the day, and should be well-guarded with prayer. It is one end of the thread on which the day's actions are strung, and should be well knotted with devotion. If we felt more the majesty of life we should be more careful of its morning. He who rushes from his bed to his business, and waited not to worship, is as foolish as though he had not put on his clothes, or cleansed his face, and as unwise as though he dashed into battle without armor or plan. Be it ours to bathe in the softly flowing river of communion with God, before the heat of the wilderness and the burden of the way begin to oppress us.

Does thou want nothing? Then I fear thou dost not know thy poverty. Hast thou no mercy to ask of God? Then may the Lord's mercy show thee thy misery. A prayerless soul is a Christless soul. Prayer is the living

WHAT DO YOU CONDEMN?

"Wherein thou judgest another thou condemnest thyself: for thou that judgest doest the same things." As a rule, persons are readiest to condemn their neighbors for faults to which they themselves are most liable. Persons can look charitably, leniently, on wrong-doers who are quite outside of their own sphere of thought, and feel, and temptation. But when their pet fault or failing, perhaps unknown, is observed in another, at once they are roused and indignant. None are reader to share in a mob for lynching an evil-doer than those who have been guilty of a similar offense or are constantly fighting the temptation to be so. If we all realized this truth, we should be less prompt to disclose our weakness and failings by our harsh judgments of other offenders.

The devil is not worrying over the preacher who puts more rhetoric than Christianity into his sermons.

Salvation Army History.

At Mile End Waste the work began.

By William Booth, of Wesley's plan;

In '65 he was the man

The devil failed to understand.

As "Christian Mission" they were known.

And, christened by some eggs and stone,

They preached the Blood that could atone—

And so were never overthrown.

And, later on, they took the name

"Salvation Army," and their fame

Has spread like Pentecostal flame;

And is still going on the same.

And then, they introduced a band

That played Salvation through the land,

Why Satan should sweet tones command

The General could not understand.

To other climes the work has spread,

They raised the spiritually dead;

And many starving souls were fed

By looking at the One who bled.

They'd many innovations new,

For God revealed what they should do.

They led the corps and Captain too.

And flag of yellow, red, and blue.

From out the public house they brought

Some fish who in their nets were caught;

By God's own Spirit they were taught.

Until they other sinners sought.

And then revivals followed fast.

Which critics said would never last.

The boom of drum, the cornet blast

Would soon, they said, be of the past.

A mighty power for good has been

The War Cry coming on the scene;

In it God's victories are seen,

Its pages keep our memories green.

And women, too, the story told,

As 'twas predicted from of old.

In weakness have been bold

In bringing lost sheep to the fold.

And uniform they wore as well,

So that their very clothes might tell

They came to rescue souls from hell,

And lift the fallen ones who fell.

And then the Social Work began—

Our General bid us set a plan

To benefit each homeless man—

So "Darkest England Scheme" he ran.

"What is the use?" he often said,

"To preach to hungry men by bread

fed,

The first of all, with soup and bread?"

So Food Depots he started, too,

And sleeping shelters not a few—

Then opened Men's Labor Bureaux

To give the workless work to do.

By Self-Denial we have shown

What many Christians should have known—

The best way to approach God's throne

Is by denying what's one's own.

My rhyme would fail to tell you much

Of how we help those out of touch

With God; and of the poor, and

Included in His "Inasmuch."

Adj. Phillips.

THE SPIRIT OF SACRIFICE.

The will of God respecting us is that we shall live by each other's happiness and life, not by each other's misery or death. A child may have to die for its parents; but the purpose of heaven is that it should rather live for them, that, not by its sacrifice, but by its strength, its love, its force of being, it shall be to their renewal of strength, and as the arrow in the hand of a giant. So it is in all other right relations. Men help each other by their joy, not by their sorrow. They are not intended to slay themselves for each other, but to strengthen themselves for each other.—John Ruskin.

Measure your plans by a line that will reach across the next world.

The will of Christ ought to be more to you than the good will of your neighbors.



To prevent flat irons sticking when ironing, add a little turpentine to the hot starch.

Apples can be kept for a long time by coating them with a solution of three parts sugar and one part glycerine.

Do not allow a sponge to always remain damp. Place it from time to time in the sun. It will then retain its elasticity.

Preserves can be kept from getting mouldy by putting a few drops of glycerine round the edges of the jar before covering.

For Stiff Windows.—When windows are difficult to open or close, rub the cords with soft soap, when they will run smoothly.

A good way to utilize old stockings and other knitted goods, is to rip out the wool, which makes a splendid elastic stuffing for cushions, pillows, etc.

Maidenhair fern for flower-glasses should have the stalks put into a jug of boiling water, and should be allowed to stand until cold. It will last very much longer.

People often find a difficulty in keeping chippy eggs from cracking while boiling. This can be remedied by throwing a small quantity of salt into the water before putting in the eggs.

To prevent this material from being damaged by the sewing machine, put a strip of stiff paper under it, and sew the paper tears off easily, and may be used with the most delicate fabric.

A Use for Oyster Shells.—To clean the fire-brick of the stove, lay a number of shells on the top of hot coals, and when the fire burns down it will be found that the oyster shells have scaled off the bricks.

A Substitute for an Ironing Board.—If you do not possess a proper ironing board, smooth the ironing blanket and sheets across a common table, pin or tack on either side. This will be as smooth as any billiard table.

Lemon for the Skin.—Lemon-juice and magnesia, if applied to rough hands or rendered the skin as beautifully white and soft. A teaspoonful of lemon-juice in warm water is an excellent remedy for stained finger-nails.

To save darning and to increase the wear of children's stockings, put a piece of wash-leather at the back of their shoes. This will prevent the stockings slipping at the heel, and will add to the comfort of the little wearer.

Fresh orange peel thrown into water before it is to be used, imparts a pleasant fragrance and also softens it.

Those who do not like boiled cabbage, or want a new way of serving it, may try this way: Pull off the outer leaves until you come to those that are crisp and white. Pull them off and chop them up with a mayonnaise as you would lettuce.

A delicate preparation of oatmeal used as a salad will enjoy require that the cereal shall boiled first for about an hour, as if it were to be served for breakfast. Remove from the fire and rub it through a fine sieve. Add a little cream and season it very slowly in a double boiler for half an hour longer. When perfectly smooth, flavor with salt, and add a very little cream before serving.

A tried egg that is left when a meal is finished makes a useless remnant no longer available for food. Yet could a fried or scrambled egg be chopped and mixed with minced meat, to the latter's great improvement. Cold poached eggs, too, that are not broken, can be returned to the water, or boiled hard to be used for garnishing, or to mix with salad.

God alone can change us. Others can only bring out what is in us.

The happiest people in this world are those who are at rest from themselves and at work for others.

Missionary Fields—Java.

By CAPT. F. BILL.

Java is a small island, only six hundred miles long, and from sixty to one hundred and twenty in width, and has a population of twenty-eight million souls. It has rightly earned such a name as the *Island of the East*, the *Pearl of the East*; and it is, from any way you care to look at it, the most interesting tropical island in the world; and, verily, if it was only a Chinese country, it would be a veritable paradise in all its fulness; but, sad to relate, the millions who live in this small island know nothing whatever about the God whose handiwork is to be seen on every side.

The national faith of the Javanese is Mohammedanism, but of a very mild, jelly-flea order, but at the same time they are all priest-ridden. Only occasionally I have seen that familiar scene to all Anglo-Indians and those who have lived in other Mohammedan countries, of men of all grades, praying at the roadside, or in their shops. I believe, if they were only a little more fanatical, and stronger in their faith, from "Bad influence" would have a greater hold upon them.

Mohammedanism was first introduced to Java about the year 1450; replacing the old Hindoo-Brahmin faith, and there are still standing large towns and temples throughout the country, showing the way that the Brahminical and Buddhist faith had, before the Mohammedan invasion. The most celebrated of these temples is the Boero-Boero, which was built during the eighth and ninth centuries, and is purely Buddhistic in style; this mammoth ruin compares favorably with anything of the kind in British-India, and for an individual temple eclipses those beautiful ruins at Mayapuran (seven pagodas) in the Madras territory, where the writer has spent many happy days, studying those antique carvings.

By the blessing of God and His help, may our little Army be the means of building up monuments that will for ever stand as an evidence of a living religion, and not a dead one.

The Island of Volcanoes.

Java is also called the island of volcanoes, there being about thirty-five, and many of them ranging from ten thousand to twelve thousand feet. At present there are not many that are in active operation, but when they do burst out, they cause tremendous havoc and destruction. It is only the other day we had an evidence of the uncertainty of an eruption, when the volcano belched forth hundreds of millions of tons of lava, ashes, and stones, and with it summoning before their Maker hundreds of unprepared souls. And it is but a year or so ago we saw hundreds swept away at Seram, and without a moment's notice a tidal wave rolled in, during the dead of night, and hundreds had to stand before their God.

But the worst eruption of recent years was when the volcano of Krakatau was burst asunder, causing a tidal wave which swept away in the west of Java over 36,000 people, to say nothing of the lives lost in the island itself. One would think, perhaps, that the terrible operation, but when people would realize there was a living God, who not only controlled the universe, but also was longing to control their lives, if they would come to Him.

Although only some four hundred miles from the equator, our island home is not hot, for, as it is so narrow, we get the full benefits of the breezes from the Indian Ocean. If we really want not weather, then we must return to Australia. Here, in the East-Indies, about seven miles as the crow flies from the above-named ocean, it is quite cool, and I appreciate my rug at nights, and when I have my bath in the morning, think twice before pouring the water over me. So don't think and sympathize with us because we are melting away on account of the heat. You have only to see Major Cummins, and others officers here, and I can imagine a lot of my readers saying, "I would like to go to Java." True, we do not experience the genuine cold weather that you are blessed with, for ours is a never-ending summer.

but the temperature rarely goes over ninety degrees; and furthermore, we do not have those long seasons of dry weather, like other tropical countries, consequently we do not see the parched, burnt-up wastes of country that are so often met with in the land we have left.

Everything is green, and many of the mountains are cultivated right up to the summit, for nearly all the available ground is utilised. Of course, there are still large tracts of jungle to be cleared away, but they are mostly away from any railway.

The Capital.

In coming from Batavia to the east of Java, we have to pass through Buitenzorg, about eight hundred feet above the sea. The Governor-General has his residence here, but Buitenzorg is known throughout the civilized world for one thing—its Botanical Gardens, being the finest and undeniably the best in the world. Consequently, it is the show place of the island, and no one can say they really know Java until they have gone through it.

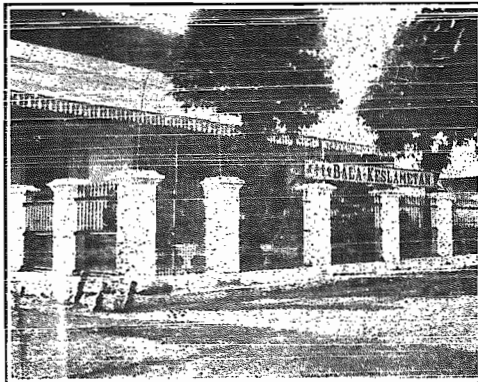
From Buitenzorg the railway commences its circuitous journey through the mountains, and the scenery is amongst the finest in the world, at times resembling the western gorges

way along the precipitous mountain tracks. In the distance you see men, women, and children, knee-deep, transplanting the rice from the seed-beds, while everywhere is to be seen the big, grayish water buffalo, the beast of burden in this country. Often he is sporting in the muddy creeks, with his nose just out of the water, or leisurely browsing in the fields, with a sturdy, brown little fellow perched on his back, arrayed in Nature's own garb. Truly all this goes to make up a most wonderful panorama.

After travelling for nine hours, we once more get into the plains, and then run through indigo, sugar, and, later on, tobacco plantations, with the big drying sheds studded all over the place. What does Java not grow? Well, let the horticulturist and agriculturist come and find out. Of course, coconuts, bananas, and palmfruits are on every side, but we are rich in fruits. True, we miss apples, etc., but have in the place of them mangoes, jack, breadfruit, mangosteens, ramboutan, langsat, doekoe, papuah, custard apples, oranges, poemaloe, sourbarg, and doerians, which are just coming in. You have to taste the latter three or four times before you like them, and for a beginner it is admirable to try when they have a cold, so that you cannot smell them. I am told that they smell worse than any rotten eggs—but I was not in the work in the early days.

No Faint Hearts Wanted.

It is not for Java's beautiful scenery or luscious fruits that I like the coun-



The Army Headquarters at Semarang, Java.

during the south-west monsoon; then running through coffee, tea, and cinchona plantations, which are situated on the slopes of the mountains, while away as far as the eye can see are terraces of rice fields, of all shades of green, rippling in the sunshine, while every now and then we come upon scenes of bamboos, the fine, silvery, feathery white, together with the solid giants, which are rich in blessing to the people of this land, for it is hard to say what they are not used for. While we are admiring the ever-changing scenery, we are surely, but very slowly, climbing up the mountains. We have gone round about the Salak, and between the Gede, mountains of seven thousand and ten thousand feet, and the reaching Soekobom, which means the desire of the high. This town is two thousand feet high.

Exquisite Scenery.

As we look out of the train we can see away below us the line we travelled over some time before, and at times we can look up and see bridges spanning deep ravines, and we wonder how we are to get there. All the time the two engines are puffing and snorting, taking us round all kinds of sharp corners, displaying to our view scenes that people have come thousands of miles simply to see. Rivers and ravines are passed, filled with nearly every known palm, fern, and orchid. No one can describe the scenery when it is touched up by Nature. Look down that gully, and you see the natives attired in all their gay colors, but all carry heavy loads on their backs, while pack ponies pick out their

way, but to be the means of winning a few of its many millions for God. Oh, my precious comrades, don't let the devil persuade you that it is an unhealthy foreign country (what a stumbling-block that word for ign is to so many!), that it swarms with tigers, rhinoceros, panthers, wild buffaloes, and large snakes for they are all things of the past. None of us have seen any; if you are afraid of a mosquito bite, stay away, but Java does want men and women who are really glad to have the advantage of God's love in their hearts for the heathen, and who are prepared to give their lives for the salvation of the Chinese (our work is chiefly amongst them at present), Javanese, and Malays. There are plenty of disappointments, discouragements, financial difficulties, and sickness to be faced; there are no easy "goes" in Java, so it does not want faint hearts, but, oh, we do want, and we cannot do without, those who really love these millions. Fancy, my comrades, twenty-eight millions who know not God. Who will come and help us? Oh, that I could picture to you the sin and vice that abounds on every side, and the ignorance these people live in! I am sure you would say: "Lord, here am I, send me," and then you would place God's call and your claims before our beloved Lord. Come and help us, and God will give you your reward.

Love had rather serve Christ in a dungeon than Satan in a palace.

Purity opens the way to a world of gladness.



C.P.R. Depot, Moose Jaw, N.W.T.

The Voice of God.

By R. B. B. R.

"Arise: He calleth for thee." Not only were these words spoken when Jesus was upon the earth, and called the blind man, restoring unto him his sight, but every listening soul hears the voice of God to-day. I shall ever remember the Sunday night a little over three years ago, that I first listened to His voice, calling me to make Him my choice.

Some time after this I realized that I was not all God wanted me to be, and with many others I knelt at the penitent form in a holiness meeting, seeking a clean heart, which I received. It was at this particular time that the above words were breathed into my soul by the Holy Spirit, "Rise: He calleth for thee." I did not need a messenger to tell me. I heard the voice distinctly, and the words were burned into my very being until I could not get rid of them.

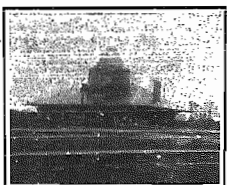
Circumstances were against me, friends opposed me, but the work was marked out for me, and what was I to do? To disobey the voice of God and be lost, or obey and be saved? The testing time had come. On my knees, alone with God, I settled it that I would be His, whatever the cost. Many friends took their stand against me, but God was on my side, and I did not care what others might say. The way was very dark, at first, but I have proved that "behind a frowning providence He hides a smiling face," and my testimony is summed up in the words of the beautiful chorus—

"I have pleasure in His service,
More than all, more than all."

Reader, has the voice of God spoken to you? If so, don't turn a deaf ear to His tender voice. Are you not sure it is the voice of God? Listen again, do you hear it? If so, quickly arise and obey. Delays are dangerous! God has blessed you at least with one talent, are you willing to use it in the Master's service? If not, it may be taken from you. Remember the parable of old, when a talent unused was taken from one and given to him which had ten talents. One reason why we have got so many backsliders to-day is because they failed to use the talents God gave them. A little incident comes to me, while writing, of a young man who got saved in one of our meetings; at first he was always in his place in the open-air and on the platform. He ran well for a time, and eventually sent in his application and offered himself for the field. Then the devil suggested something to him to secure again the service he had put aside. He hearkened to the devil and was soon a transgressor, and to-day is a miserable backslider. Take warning, reader. Listen to the voice of God, and obey at all cost.

Search yourself before you censure another.

Care is the stumbling-block in the pathway of happiness.



C.P.R. Depot, Regina, N.W.T.

The Way of the WORLD

Canada.

A nugget weighing over nineteen pounds, the biggest recorded in the Yukon, was found in Bonanza Creek. Its estimated value is \$3,000.

Louis Pouquette was hanged at Kamloops for the murder of Fred Legere.

Two fatalities took place at Point St. Charles, Que., G.T.R. Drivers John Rowan and Timothy Kehoe being killed.

Frost is reported to have done considerable damage in Hamilton and London districts.

Thomas Casben, of St. Catharines, was working in a trench when the earth caved in. He died soon after being taken out.

Dan Macdonald, Jennie Marsland, and Sarah Kerr were arrested at Chatham on suspicion of having set fire to a building that the two women had occupied as a dressmakers' shop.

A young son of Mr. James Matthews, of Orangeville, slipped in boarding a train, and was run over and killed.

A meeting of the manufacturers was held in Berlin, Ont., to discuss the question of obtaining power from Niagara Falls at western Ontario points.

The iron bridge, at Fortneuf, Que., and four small wooden bridges were washed away during a storm. The loss is \$20,000.

H. A. Matheson, of Whitton, Que., was shot and killed by his nine-year-old son, and a Coroner's jury returned a verdict of self-defence.

The propeller Ocean ran into and smashed No. 2 gate in the Leclaire Canal, and the water carried away No. 1 gate. The propeller was washed into the harbor and damaged by collision with the Allan Liner Parisian.

On the arrival at Halifax of the West India Line steamer Beta, from Bermuda, Sergt. John Lynch was arrested by the military authorities. He was charged with desertion and embezzlement of \$300 from the office of the District Paymaster at Bermuda. He will be taken back for trial.

Mrs. F. W. Patton, wife of the International station agent at River Philip, was accidentally shot dead at Oxford, N.S., by a boy who was playing with a gun.

Henderson's shingle and rotary mill, at Campbellton, N.B., was destroyed by fire. Loss \$5,000, partially covered by insurance.

Up to time of writing one hundred and seventeen bodies have been recovered from No. 2 and No. 3 mines at Fernie, B.C., the scene of the recent terrible explosion. Nine bodies yet remain in the mines.

In a dispute in a Windsor billiard room Angus McLeod knocked William Dalton down with a cue. Dalton may not recover, and McLeod is under arrest.

A collision is reported between an unknown steamer and the barge Gleniffer, which she had in tow. The Captain's wife, Mrs. C. Moore, was drowned, and Archie Myrner, of Windsor, is also missing, supposed to be drowned.

James S. Kelly, mate of the steam-barge Clinton, was drowned at Garden Island.

The Pavilion, in the Horticultural Gardens, Toronto, has been destroyed by fire. The loss to the city is estimated at \$44,500, for which there is an insurance amounting to \$22,250. Many Army meetings have been held under its roof, the last being the Free Xmas Dinner last winter.

America.

Seven persons were drowned during a gale at New York.

Snow is reported near Hossack Falls, N.Y.

Harry Tracy and David Merrill escaped from penitentiary at Salem, Ore., killing three guards with a rifle.

Thirteen persons lost their lives in a fire that destroyed an inebriate hospital at Chicago.

A riot broke out at Edwardsville, Ill., between several hundred striking molders and non-union employees of the American Steel and Foundry Co., and two negroes, non-union workers, and three white strikers. were shot, two of the latter fatally. A trainload of negroes was imported by the Steel Company to replace strikers.

Among the passengers who arrived per steamer Madiana, from Bermuda, were Manuel E. Ledee and Ben Benson, two survivors of the steamer Roraima, which was wrecked at the time the City of St. Pierre, Martinique, was destroyed by the volcanic eruptions of Mont Pelee.

Wm. Dowd, said to be the leader of a gang of burglars who have operated throughout Canada, and for whom the Canadian authorities have been searching for months, is in prison at Philadelphia, awaiting extradition papers.

Five persons were killed and three injured by a fire at Saratoga, N.Y., which destroyed property the value of which is estimated at \$200,000, with insurance of about \$175,000.

In a collision between the whaleback Thomas Wilson and the steamer George J. Hadley, near Duluth, the Wilson was sunk and nine of her crew drowned.

British.

Eight coal miners were burned to death by a gas explosion at Dowlais, Wales.

M. Santos-Dumont has abandoned his aeronautical experiments in England and will sail for New York shortly.

Lord Kitchener has been created a Viscount, and the King has sent a message to Parliament recommending a grant of £50,000 for his war services.

Hon. Michael Herbert succeeds the late Lord Pauncefoot as British Ambassador at Washington, and Senor De Ojeda succeeds the Duke d'Arcos as Spanish Minister.

International.

Emigration from Copenhagen to the United States is assuming increasing proportions. The emigrants are mostly young Swedes, who are leaving for

America, partly on account of more stringent military regulations.

Lieut. Beaudic ascended in a naval balloon, at Toulon, France, fell into the sea and disappeared, although two torpedo boats were following to pick him up.

According to a census taken there are 17,180 Hebrews in India. Scarcely one-third of them are European. The rest are descendants of those who claim to have emigrated to India during the reign of Solomon.

The Gueygram volcano, in Caucasasia, has been in eruption, and a number of shepherds, with their flocks, were burned up.

Herr Krupp has brought to perfection a gun capable of penetrating the best and thickest armor plate he manufactures. Emperor William has witnessed trials of this gun, and has ex-

carriers, and covered with a gorgeous embroidered pall. Many cigarette tablets were carried in the procession, and high officials followed in chairs.

There have been further strike riots at Lemberg, Galicia. A detachment of Hussars charged a mob, and it is reported several children were killed. Some persons wounded during the previous rioting have died.

Prof. Hellprin, George Kennan, and Mr. Varian ascended Mont Pelee. They stood on the very edge of the crater and looked down on the incandescent mass within. It was the second time Prof. Hellprin had climbed the mountain. Mont Pelee is quiet, but great volumes of steam are rising from the volcano. The lower mud craters, however, are still pouring forth torrents. The Le Precheur district is said to be caving in, but this report has not been verified.



Pictures of West India.

This is a Banana Walk, in Jamaica. The banana tree gives one bunch and then dies, or is generally cut down. But other stalks are continually growing. A large bunch is worth about a shilling in Jamaica.

acted a promise from Herr Krupp to reserve it exclusively for the German navy.

Scientists who have visited La Soufriere, St. Vincent, say that at the western base a subsidence to a depth of one hundred feet has occurred for an area of a square mile.

The riotous strikers at Lemberg, Galicia, pillaged bakers' shops and carts, and were dispersed by troops. Several persons were injured.

The funeral procession of Li Hung Chang, to Tungche, was two miles long. The coffin was borne by sixty

The Symbol of the Dove.

A special cable to the New York Times, from London, says that during the thanksgiving services at St. Paul's, the attention of many was attracted by the presence of a dove in the north transept, which must have seemed to all who saw it a happy omen of peace after the storm of stress and conflict. The London Times publishes the following poem by Sir Lewis Morris on the incident:—

It was peace, blessed peace, once again
That those jubilant voices would hymn.

For the ceasing of sorrow and pain,
The eyes of the people grew dim.

The deep organ pealed, by the sound
Of the keen martial trumpet in-
creased;

The thousands were kneeling around
King and noble, citizen, priest.

When, suddenly lifting my eyes
To the glooms half discovered above,
I marked, with a start of surprise,
The white wings of a hovering dove.

Blest messenger, come to your home!
It is peace, blessed peace, once again.

And Thou, Spirit ineffable, come,
As at Pentecost: come and remain.

NO NAMES, PLEASE.

A preacher in a certain town recently announced that he was going to deliver a sermon on "Hell, and who will be there." He immediately received letters from a lawyer, two newspaper men, three bankers, two real estate men, two barbers, and three doctors, threatening to withdraw their support and sue him for slander if he dared to mention their names in his sermon.



Windsor Castle, England.

An hour's ride from London is this magnificent abode of Royalty, the history of which dates from the time of William the Conqueror, nine hundred years ago.

The Coronation

BY THE CHIEF OF THE STAFF.

His Majesty King Edward VII, with His Gracious Consort Queen Alexandra, will be crowned King and Queen of England in Westminister Abbey, during the present month, amidst the plaudits of the whole Empire, and with the good wishes of a large part of the civilised world. Such an event is full of deeply instructive and impressive lessons. The Empire over which the King will exercise His Royal Influence is greater in wealth and population, in natural power and moral influence, than any which have preceded it. Greece, and Rome, and Babylon, and Nineveh, and Egypt, in the height of their glory, could lay no claim to approach to that collection of peoples we call the British Empire, either in numbers or power. And vast as are the forces which thus to-day compose this Empire, there are many signs that they will become even greater yet. If the world should continue, it is possible, most probable, that great as was the expansion of the great last hundred years, for example, they will shrink into insignificance by the side of those which the new century will witness. For while this may not be true as to geographical extension—though even that is not at all certain—it will be true if England continues at all, in matters of population, learning, and happiness.

An Exalted Position.

So that from this point of view alone the King must feel that his position is a truly exalted one. It is a commonplace of our day that Kings no longer rule—they only reign. I am sure that it is so always. I am sure that it need not be so. I do not hesitate to say that King Edward, if it should be his royal pleasure to devote himself to the moral and spiritual benefit of the mass of his subjects—and the mass of his subjects are very needy and simple men and women—might create such an affection for himself, such a devotion to his House, that he would become the actual ruler of the Empire, and that no matter what forms he used to give effect to his will—whether by Parliament or other constitutional means—that would be the supreme law. Whether, however, that prove to be so or not, it is a great, an exalted, an almost unparalleled position of influence into which His Majesty steps. On the part of the Salvation Army—scattered up and down his kingdom—I wish him a reign of prosperity—of national advance in all that can make a nation great, and of personal happiness—in progress in all that alone can make individuals happy. We are loyal citizens. We hate disloyalty, whether it be to the King or to the King of Kings. We gladly honor God and obey the King. We know how to distinguish between service and conscience, both how to render unto Caesar the things that are Caesar's and to God the things that are God's.

Our Supreme Sovereign.

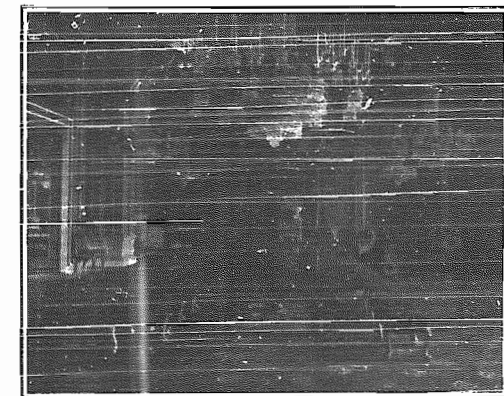
For we are subjects also of another Sovereign. We have taken the oath of allegiance to One whose Kingdom knows no end, whose Throne is from generation to generation, and whose dominion is from everlasting to everlasting. The Lord is the King for ever and ever. Mercy and Judgment are His habitations, and His Sceptre is the Sceptre of Righteousness. His law is perfect. Jesus Christ, the faithful Witness, the first begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the Kings of the earth, who loved us and washed us from our sins in His own blood to

Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever. He is King.

But is He really our King? Has He been truly crowned? May we not find some lessons in the Coronation of King Edward which may be of service to his Royal Saviour, or which may, at least, help us give to Him in our lives His rightful place? Let us consider.

Crown Him.

1. First of all it is interesting to note that it is the people, by their lawful representatives in the Church and State, who will crown the King. His Majesty will, of course, have a great part to play in the Royal pageant, and his family and court will also minister in no small degree to the splendour and importance and interest of the event; but the central act of the whole ceremony, say, the very purpose for which it is observed, is the placing of the crown of England upon the one man who, while life shall last, is to be its lawful King, and that act must be performed by the persons selected to represent the whole nation, and in the manner already appointed by the laws of the realm over which he is to rule. His Majesty might be undoubtedly in the Royal procession,



This is Room, Buckingham Palace, London.

and without questioning the man who ought to be the King—and yet if the nation rejected him and chose another, if the people for any reason refused him the crown, he could never really be their Sovereign Lord. Unless they crown Him King of England he cannot be crowned at all.

It is even so with our King. Unless we make Him our King He will not rule over us. Unless we give Him the first place in our lives, and put Him upon the throne of our hearts, He will never get there. Unless we crown Him Lord of all, He never will be crowned—so far as our kingdom is concerned.

I think that many people lose all by overlooking this. They wait for some outside pressure; they get the idea that religion will in some way be thrust upon them by some overwhelming experience, and that, in short, Jesus Christ will save them whether they do anything in the matter or not. That is a fatal mistake. He will do nothing of the kind. He will never be their ruler unless of their own choice they take Him and make Him King and crown Him for themselves.

The Definite Announcement.

2. The Coronation removes for all time any and every possible doubt as to who is King of these Realms. This removal of uncertainty was, I believe, one of the leading purposes which similar ceremonies served in the past even more than in the present day. Before the spread of modern means of information and communication, one of the most necessary duties to be

performed at the beginning of any reign was to make it quite clear and known to all men, by such means as were available, who was in reality the King, in whose name the laws were promulgated, and to whom obedience and service were really due. Hence ceremonies of this kind were made as imposing as possible, were talked of and prepared for long beforehand, and were taken part in by as many of the people as possible.

This principle still holds good. No event that has occurred in England for a generation or more will be so widely spoken of, both at home and abroad, as this coronation. Embassies of the most gorgeous and imposing character are coming from every nation under heaven, and millions of the King's own subjects—whether at home or in the Colonies and Dependencies of the Empire—are to participate in the affair. The chief object of all this, I say, is to make it clear beyond a word or a thought of doubt that His Gracious Majesty Albert Edward, son of Queen Victoria, and descendant of the long line of Kings and Queens who have reigned in England and Scotland for a thousand years gone by, is really the King.

Who is Your King?

Alas, it is equally clear who is your King? Have you ever taken the trouble to make it clear? Do you go through life making on all you meet a definite impression that Jesus is King? Or are you among the doubtful band who leave always behind them a note of interrogation? I have known



The Coronation Chair.

crowning is to be witnessed by as many representatives of this and other nations as possible. The festivities and rejoicings are to be on a grand scale. The proclamations, and processions, and illuminations are to be such as all the world can witness. Every mountain-top in the old land is to be a name; the cities of the eastern parts of the Empire are to be dressed after the Oriental fashion in purple and gold; the vast forests and verdant plains of the New Highlands which greet their Motherland to-day will be dotted all over with the King's colors; all the islands in all the seas will send back their fervent prayers that God will save the King; and the ships—that mighty floating England which has never known a fear—will sail into every harbor old ocean has with the Union Jack and the Royal Standard unfurled for all the winds and all the waters to salute the man Britannia calls to the helm. Whatever else can be said for or against it, it can never be said that this thing was done in a corner. Be the King good or bad, be he worthy or unworthy of the trust and service of this mighty thing we call the British Empire, he sons are not ashamed to call him King before an onlooking world.

What Service Do You Render?

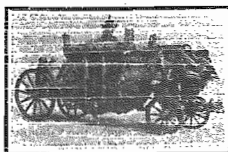
Has it been so with you and Jesus? Have you wanted your service to be done quickly? Have you yielded to that hateful theory that religion is not a thing for the street, and the mart, and the workshop, and the crowd, but only for the home, and the privacies, and the holes, and the recesses of life? Have you shrunk from making a show of your King? Have you been silent in the public place when you heard Him evil spoken of? Have you just slipped away and left Him to His people? Have you shirked the uniform, and got away from the open-air meeting, and resolved to be moderate and not to "offend" your friends? Have you been ashamed of the King?

I am told that one little stupid government has announced that it will not send an embassy to the Coronation. Well, who cares? The nation will crown Edward VII just the same. Nay, if all the other crowned heads looked the other way, and every other government refused to recognise the King—we should go forward just the same. England knows her own. It would be England's answer to all the world's sneers, and whom England calls her King she will not be ashamed to acknowledge or slow to maintain before the world.

Shall it be less than this with us? We who have a King before all others in power and love, whose Royal mantle is purple with His own blood, whose gracious hands are full of gifts, even for the lowly rebellious slave, who are ashamed to confess Him? Shall we allow the sneers, or the indifference, or the rebellion of those who do not know Him, who see no beauty in Him when they should adore Him, to close our lips, or stifle the praise of our hearts to His glory and His love? No, no, a thousand times, no! It would be cowardice—it would be treason. We have chosen Him King—and we will not—no, we will not—proclaim Him to all. He is worthy of our open acknowledgment. Oh, for shame, that we can have ever doubted, that we can have here hidden our allegiance for one single hour! Let us up and publish it far and near. Call together your neighbors and friends, your workmates, your family; tell them, tell them, what God has done for you, and for them, and for us who are going to crown Him King, so that all may know He is your Sovereign Lord.

Do it to-day.

BRAWELL, SOUTH.



The Historic Cozen of State.



Our SOLDIERS' PAGE

Daily Readings

"Lord, increase our faith."—Luke xvii. 5. There was once SUNDAY, a remarkable character, known as "Balthead Bobby." He got his nickname from the fact that he could not boast of a single hair on his head. Nevertheless, he was famous for his power and fervency in prayer. He would begin praying at one end of the chapel, and by the time he had finished he would find himself at the other end. One day he was asked by some unconverted men why he did not get God to make his hair grow, as he was such a believer in prayer. He replied that he was sure God could do so, if he chose. They were equally sure that it was impossible. Bobby, anxious to convince them of the power of God, made the matter a subject of earnest prayer. To the surprise of all, his hair began to grow, and he was known thereafter as "Believing Bobby," instead of "Balthead Bobby."

"They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."—Dan. xii. 3. An archbishop, who had held a position of great importance under an English King, in reviewing his life, said that he would gladly exchange all the honors that had been bestowed upon him for the satisfaction of being able to save just one soul.

"Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith."—TUESDAY. Heb. xii. 2. A little boy went to sea with his father, to learn to be a sailor. One day his father said to him, "Come, my boy, you will never be a sailor if you don't learn to climb; let me see if you can get up the mast!" The boy, who was a nimble little fellow, soon scrambled up, but when he got to the top, and saw at what height he was, he began to be frightened, and called out, "Oh, father, I shall fall! I am sure I shall fall!" "What am I to do with you?" said his father; "if you look down you will be giddy, but if you keep looking up to the flag at the top of the mast, you will descend safely." The boy followed his father's advice, and reached the deck with ease.

The only way to get safely through the world is to fix our eyes upon Jesus.

"What is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?"—Matt. xvi. 26.

A woman was dangerously ill. The doctor despaired of her life. Her friends urged her to give her heart to God. But so fixed was her mind upon the world that she replied to their entreaties by saying that if she could have the choice she would rather go to hell than get saved and go to heaven. To the surprise of all she recovered, and lived for seven years, when she sickened and died. Her death-bed was a terrible one. God had taken her at her word, and she died without a ray of hope. Her seven years were soon spent, and she entered upon an eternity of woe.

"Every word of God is pure; He is a shield unto them that put their trust in Him."—THURSDAY. Prov. xxi. 5. An S. A. officer was sailing from Bombay to England. Just before the ship started the pilot came on board. He was an infidel, but had once before done an act of kindness to our officer, rowing him to shore in his own boat. They recognized each other, and a few words were exchanged.

"Ah, I don't believe in your Bible," he remarked. "I would pitch it overboard."

"Well, why don't you pitch your charts overboard?" replied the officer.

"Because I know they are true," said the pilot. "I have steered many ships by them, and have proved them to be correct."

"And that is just the reason why I don't throw my Bible overboard," said our officer. "It is my chart, by which I take my reckonings, and according to which I steer my soul. It shows me where the rocks and shallows lie, where I may lose my vessel. I have studied my chart; and piloted my own vessel, and hundreds of others, for the last ten years, and I have proved that my chart is true. I am a pilot of the ship Salvation, and when you are prepared to throw your charts (imperfect as they are bound to be) into the sea, I may think of throwing mine."

"For our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."—2 Cor. iv. 17. It is said that at times an oyster gets a grain of sand which irritates its body, and that, unable to get rid of it, it covers it with some of the white, glossy substance with which it lines its shell. It thus not only obtains relief, but converts the very cause of its suffering into the pearls which are so valued that they find their way among the treasures of a prince.

Thus it is with the saint. We wonder at times why God permits such troubles and trials to occur, but in due time they are converted into pearls, which shall find their place among the treasures of the King of Kings. And commonly the biggest pearls will be found within the shells of those who have passed through the greatest sorrows upon earth.

"Be instant in season, out of season; reprove, rebuke, exhort, SATURDAY, with all longsuffering and doctrine."—2 Tim. iv. 2. An American preacher was once passing through a town and had stopped for the night at a respectable

looking inn. Not long after his arrival company began to arrive, and a dance was commenced in the room where he sat. For some time he looked on silently. A partner being wanted, he was at length asked if he would join the dance. "Certainly," he replied, rising and walking into the centre of the room. But for some time I have made it a rule to do nothing without prayer." So saying he dropped upon his knees and began to pray with such power that some wet, others fell prostrate to the ground, and not a few cried for mercy. The dance was converted into a prayer meeting, and souls were saved upon the spot.

Our History Class.

III. THE GERMANS.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

Indeed, Ferdinand was a great peacemaker, and a thoroughly good man. His wife, Anne of Hungary, was an excellent woman; and his eldest son, Maximilian, was so much beloved that the Electors heartily chose him as King of the Romans. He was the first to be so chosen, without the coronation of an Emperor by the Pope to make way for him.

Good as were the imperial family, the Empire was in a bad state; indeed it had been growing backward rather than forward in all good things ever since the time of Friedrich Barbarossa. Then the Germans have been quite equal with the English, French, and Italians in all matters of improvement and civilization; but first the Italian was called off the Emperor's back, and then there were quarrels about their election, and those who had only small hereditary possessions were not strong enough to keep the princes and nobles in order. The greater princes and the free towns managed to establish some rule, and the Swabian League had destroyed the worst of the lesser independent nobles. Maximilian's arrangement of the circles did some good, but Charles the Fifth's reign had only made things worse, by adding quarrels between Protestant and Roman Catholic to all the rest. He had indeed subdued all German princes by his Spanish troops, but they felt as if they were under a foreigner, and hated him. Almost every mountain pass had a robber noble, who tormented travelers, and ground down his vassals by his exactions. The nobles despised learning, and were terrible drunkards and gamblers, so that their diets and camps were a scandal and a joke to other nations; and they were mostly rude and boorish, while the burghers and merchants whom they displaced were well-read, thoughtful, cultivated people. Each prince and each city had fixed which form of doctrine should prevail. In the Lutherans once the lands of the bishops and abbots had been seized; but in some of these the nuns were kept up and called Chapters, as a home for ladies of noble birth, who took no vows, but enjoyed the estates.

Ferdinand would gladly have improved matters, but he was already an old man when he became Emperor, and he died in the year 1504.

Conscience, revelation, and example are the steel-langs of God.

The least man is an essential part of God's great plan.

After all, it is better to walk on good, gritty ground than on a carpet of flowers. Try it for a mile, and see! And so for every-day journeying, for sturdy pilgrim feet, the humdrum things, even the hard things, of life are best. They furnish just the right friction for a foot-hold.

Evolution of the Salvation Army

AUSTRALASIA.—Concluded.

THE SPIRITUAL WORK.

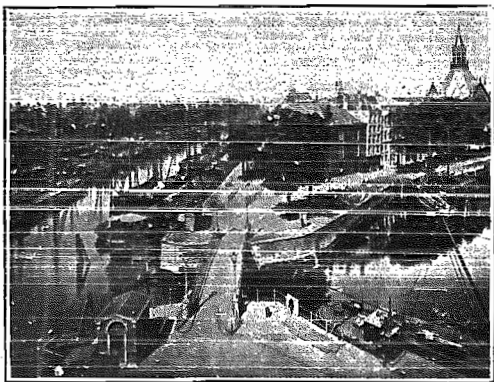
We could not well close this account without again referring to the direct spiritual work of the Salvation Army, which, after all, however great and important and necessary are all other efforts, they all tend towards the salvation of the souls of men. We will, therefore, hasten to say that the care of the Salvation Army corps is the first and great responsibility of the Territorial Commissioner in the Salvation Army. In the Australasian command, the corps in Thursday Island, twenty-eight miles north of Cape York, in Torres Straits, composed of Polynesians, whites, and Japanese, and the corps in the gold settlement farthest from Perth, and representative of the mining industry, are equally the care. The corps in the capital cities, or in the back-blocks, in the mountains, or the purlieus of the "Never-Never" country, are his anxiety by day and by night.

This is true, not only in a theoretical but a practical sense. The Army is so constituted that the head is made sensible of loss at its extremities. The organization is so nearly perfect that if a soldier backslides or leaves the Army at Cue, in Western Australia, the record of that loss, in process of time, will filter through to Melbourne.

On the other hand, a baptism of the Holy Spirit, given in Melbourne will possibly be felt to the uttermost parts of the Territory. The Commissioner must incessantly travel to inspect to inspire, to instruct and reprove, where necessary, his many soldiers.

If you want to see crowds of Salvationists and buildings jammed to excess, and souls by the score crying for mercy, then you only need to go to Australia. In three days, during a series of special meetings, twenty-five thousand persons gathered together. As we take up the latest Australian War Cry we learn that Commissioner McKie has conducted powerful meetings in a huge tent at Williamstown, a place eight or nine miles from Melbourne, where two thousand children were addressed by the Commissioner and the Chief Secretary. The meeting was characterized by deep spiritual fervour and a large number professed salvation.

We need go no further to show the rapid development of the Army work in that sunny clime. God's blessing upon our work in a remarkable degree, and prospects for the future are brilliant. We must now leave the Land of the Southern Cross, and give our attention to other fields where the flag is flying.



Rotterdam, Holland, the Famous Centre of Dutch Commerce.

THE WAR OF 1864.

BROTHER L. S. NORRIS, OF BARRE, VT., RELATES HIS EXPERIENCES.

Having accepted Christ as my Saviour, and the Holy Spirit as my Comforter, many years ago, and being called as a soldier and assistant chaplain of the United States Army, and many times delivered by the grace and power of God from the jaws of death, I thought perhaps the readers of the War Cry would like to hear from me. I was the only son of Christian parents, and was taught from my youth to serve the Lord. When the war broke out, over thirty-six years ago, I felt it my duty to go, and God gave me the assurance that I should return home; so in January, 1864, I enlisted for the war in the 9th Vt. Regiment. After starting for the seat of war, with several other comrades, to reinforce the ninth, then

some bushes, with a comrade to care for me. After resting for two hours, and committing ourselves to the care of our Heavenly Father, two of us tried to follow in the dark toward some light ahead, and soon saw a dim light, where we hoped to lodge for the night. This light came from a log hut, where we tarried for the night. We roasted some sweet potatoes by the fireplace, and had had nothing to eat since morning, and after a good night's rest we thanked God and took courage, and started on the trail of the regiment, which was obliged to take a roundabout course for Bufort, some thirty miles from camp. About five o'clock we reached a Union hospital, where we stayed all night. The next morning we took the boat and met the regiment. We rested about two days, and in the meantime I saw the chaplain, and asked him what I could do.

"My dear brother," said he, "believe God has sent you to assist me. I have more than I can accomplish in the distribution of Bibles, tracts, and papers, and in preaching on the field."

From that hour every chance I had was devoted to some work for God.

The next day we started with reinforcements on cars for the old camp. We found it entirely vacated, and every building burnt. We took old melted canteen tins to fry our meat in, dug rifle pits and threw up breast-works for our protection, and put up our tents. There was a steam saw-mill near by, and we built houses and set up poles, and covered them with cypress boughs to shield us from the sun. The family altar was kept up in my tent, tracts, papers, and Testaments were distributed, and the Gospel was preached at every opportunity. Pickets were sent out in every direction, and some precious souls were brought from darkness to light and testified to the saving power of God. The boys often gathered around my tent at the hour of prayer, and I had the privilege of talking to them about their soul's salvation. I remember taking a trip to Haverlock, where some two hundred were camped there. I held meetings in a large log shanty, where many seemed anxious about their soul's salvation. Near this place I frequently saw

Two Large Alligators

come out of the pond near the shore to sun themselves.

After going back to the camp I often preached in the open field to more than a thousand people. Here I got poisoned in some shrubbery, and was sent to the Bufort hospital, where I was kept for three weeks, and again went back to the regiment.

We were soon called out on a navy expedition to capture a rebel picket post. We started in the night, to take them by surprise, but the waves were so high that we could not get there until nearly all the rebels had left.



Westminster Abbey.

Considered the most famous, beautiful, and historic of all English Churches. Here, or in the neighboring Westminster Hall, has been for eight centuries the coronation place of British Kings.

However, we took a few prisoners, some mules, etc., and sent out our pickets waiting for the rebels to return. About eight o'clock at night we heard cavalry coming, and supposed they were rebels. They proved to be some of the Twelfth N. Y. Cavalry, who, supposing we were rebels, fired into us, but did not hit us. Our company also fired, and killed one Orderly Sergeant and some mules. Then explanations were made as to who we were, and the firing ceased. The next day our men made arrangements to return to camp, and the Orderly was put in a coffin and sent home. When we got back to camp we had no more fighting in North Carolina. After that we had some good meetings and several conversions. After arriving at the camp my whole soul was drawn out for the salvation of souls, seeing so much sin and transgression against the laws of God. I held many meetings with the colored people, who all most danced for joy, and were eager to catch every word. Thus we were comfortably situated for six months, and God was pleased to save many souls.

From Newport we were sent to Newburn, N.C., but our stay here was short, and we soon took boat for Virginia. There we were almost constantly on the march. "Fight the good fight of faith," was my motto; prayer and supplication were not neglected, and after marching night and day for three weeks, crossing rivers on pontoon bridges, we camped with a large company on an elevated plain near the enemy's ranks. We could hear some

Four Thousand Miles

braying in early morn. and later seven

different hands playing—rebel as well as Union bands. This reminded me of the invulnerable company which John saw, only the most of our company had not their robes washed in the blood of the Lamb. We could constantly hear the roar of the cannon and the bursting of shells.

From thence our company was called into line of battle on Chapin's Farm, in a large field of sugar cane, where we had to fight our way through shot and shell, the shell often bursting over our heads, the horses and men being killed at our side. We marched over dead bodies of men and horses until we gained a victory and took a rebel fort. Surely it was blood and fire, but we held the rebel fort. After digging rifle pits, and making good fortifications against the enemy, shells came thick and fast from the rebels, but with not much loss to us. Then reinforcements of rebels came and charged on us, and nearly all the rebels were cut down in piles, as our men were well fortified in their rifle pits, and several rebels laid down their arms and were taken prisoner. Soon two other rebel forts were taken by our men, and victory was perched on our banner.

There I was taken sick and sent to the convalescent hospital at Point of Rocks, and being able to walk about I was glad of the privilege of visiting the sick and wounded soldiers, and pointing them to the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world, and many were glad to seek the salvation of their souls.

One dear Christian comrade I visited, as his life was fast ebbing away, often repeated the words, "Come to Jesus," and many were saved through his entreaties.

Soon after this we that were able had the privilege of getting a furlough to go home and vote for Lincoln. Though I was hardly able to ride so far, we ventured to take boat on a river some three hundred miles, to Washington, D.C., and from there by rail for Montpelier and home. Though I had lost thirty-eight pounds in flesh, and suffered many hardships, at the end of the war I was still victor by the grace of God, and to-day—

"My hope is built on nothing less Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

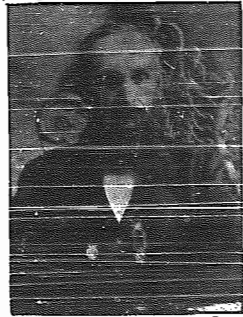
Lecture hours are the best or the worst part of our three.

Airing other people's faults never makes them smell any sweeter.

If there is no sunshine in your religion do not be surprised if nobody wants it.

The constant Christ in the heart makes the consistent Christian in the world.

The more a woman criticizes herself (or a man either) the less she will criticize others.



L. S. Norris, Barre, Vt.

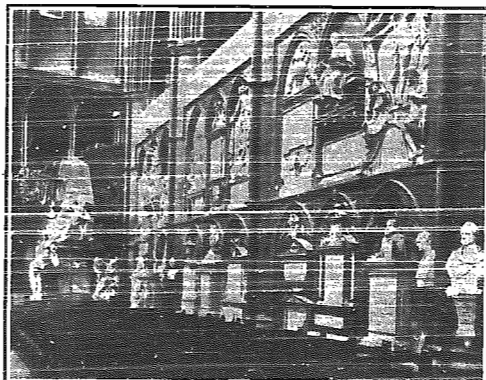
In North Carolina, and arriving in New York City, we crossed the ocean about a hundred miles. The waves were high and boisterous, and nearly all the soldiers, numbering about two hundred, were sea-sick. I kept as quiet as possible on deck, trusting in the Arm that moves the world. It took four days and nights to cross to North Carolina. However, we reached the shore in safety, some being almost exhausted by sea-sickness. For myself, I was happy in the Lord, and glad again to give thanks and take courage. We had then ten miles more to go by rail to our detailed spot. We met with many of the old soldiers at Newport, North Carolina. There we found many that tarried night in old log huts, one commissary building and magazine detailed to guard the railroad supplies. Still nearly all were negligent to their country's duty, and their God. The first night my home was dedicated to God by prayer, and many came around my hut to hear the voice of prayer and exhortation, for I never feared the face of clay. But we were not long comfortably situated, as the enemy was soon in pursuit of us, and came upon us unawares—three thousand against eight hundred of our men, and we were obliged to retreat. Still we held the enemy in check for half a day.

North Carolina was noted for extensive pine and pitch orchards, and many barrels of tar were strewn along the railroad lines. Near the barracks was a deep river and railroad bridge, and we were obliged to retreat across the bridge in double quick time. The majority of our men crossed the bridge in safety, rolled barrels of tar on the bridge, burst the barrels, and set fire to the tar, to prevent the rebels from crossing. I was one that went

Through the Flames,

but God was with me, and I received no harm. It was then dark, still the missiles of death like hail passed over our heads, some were taken prisoner, and four killed, but the enemy did not pass over the bridge.

Soon the earth seemed to tremble. The magazine had blown up, and all our little houses were in flames; but our men escaped. Through the dense forest we were marching for reinforcements, weary with fatigue, and I was obliged to rest by the roadside in



Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

With its memorials of some of Britain's Greatest Deeds.



It preaches to us forcibly the value of time, and the great need of doing our share in making every change around us to be in the direction of advancing the cause in which we are enlisted, that the great war against Darkness and Sin may be pushed incessantly to the glory of our great King.

South Africa.

Amongst the great changes that affect history and marks an epoch in the destiny of nations, is the long-expected conclusion of peace between Boer and Britons. At last the killing and maiming of man by man, and the making of widows and orphans in several continents, has ceased, and the opposing armies, that have learned to recognize in each other qualities of sterling worth, and characteristics worthy of admiration and affection, are fraternizing. We can but rejoice in this indication which seems to augur well for the future of South Africa, and we pray that in the building-up of a new nation the best qualities of each composite may survive, and righteousness may rule the new British possessions in South Africa. The Salvation Army, which was in season during the war, will not be behind in peace to help in the endeavor to win Boer, Briton, and Uitlander for Jesus. Let us remember this portion of our world-wide parish especially in our good day knee-drill.

Welcome, General!

Our hearts bound with pleasure at the thought of soon again seeing our great Veteran General in our midst. For some time correspondence has been exchanged regarding his visit to Canada; the cable which announced the latter reached the Commissioner while touring in the West.

It is now reasonably certain that the General will visit several of the larger centres of the Maritime Provinces, Quebec, and Ontario, although detailed announcements cannot be made until every appointment is approved of and definitely decided upon. The General will conduct the Annual Councils at Toronto at the end of October, and after touring in the United States, will find time to visit one or two cities in the West. We are certain that our comrades throughout this Territory will look forward with keen appreciation to the visit of our revered Leader, who is indeed the Father of this great organization, so marvelously blessed of God. The warmest welcome awaits you, General! Our hearts are yours, and our eyes long to see you.

Eastern Elation.

Biggest Event in Fourteen Years—Two Successful Weddings—S.D. Target Left Far Behind.

(By Wire.)

St. John, N.B., June 9.—Sussex has been stirred by the visit of Brigadier Sharp, accompanied by Chancellor and troupe. Tremendous crowds. The barracks proving too small, the Odd-fellow's Hall was engaged and packed for three great meetings. Biggest event for fourteen years. Seventeen songs came forward, interest is at high-water mark. Troupe continues to be popular. The following are the findings of Comrades Wort and Monteth, Woodstock, also Comrades Welr and Wilson, Annapolis. Both were successful affairs, Annapolis barracks especially over-crowded. The latter set a record above its S.-D. target.—Chancellor.

Territorial Newslets.

The Commissioner and the Red Knights have returned, and were greeted right royally at the Union Depot on Thursday last. Delight is hardly the word to use; we were just as happy as human beings could be to welcome home again our brave and honored Leader, and the officers who had formed such a successful brigade.

Headquarters was a bee-hive of industry before their return, but it is never quite the same when the Commissioner is off the bridge. There is on the building a whirl of rush for the advancement of His Kingdom and the pushing forward of the work of this Army of Salvation throughout the Territory.

The wives of Headquarters Staff have done remarkable things for Self-Denial. Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, for instance, has collected the sum of \$214 in the city of Toronto.

The men have also had stiff targets, but they have all come off with flying colors.

A gentleman (Jew) conducting a large business in Toronto, sent a message to our Headquarters, asking that he should be supplied with a large number of girls who were Salvationists, as he could trust them.

Camp Meetings are now the order of the day. Brigadier Pugmire and Staff Capt. Manton leave for Feversham, where the people will flock in large numbers, from all the country-side, to the large tent which will be erected.

Brigadier Gaskin and Staff-Captain Manton visited and conducted meetings at the Central Prison, Asylum, and Mercer Reformatory, and were very much pleased with the meetings.

The Toronto Shelter is to undergo a thorough renovation inside at once, and we expect to see a delightful improvement.

Brigadier and Mrs. Southall and family expect to take a tour through Dakota at once. The children have become very proficient in the musical drills, and the Brigadier and Mrs. Southall will supply the necessary music. It is needless to say the members of the family will form a happy combination, and be extremely attractive as well as much appreciated.

Twenty additional Candidates have been accepted this week: There is the prospect of a large number of Candidates for the September session.

Staff-Capt. Burditt and Captain Urquhart have had a good start at Belleville. Souls, crowds, and good finances are already very cheering.

The Chief Secretary leaves for the East and Newfoundland on Friday. Our comrades in that part of the battlefield have been looking forward with eager expectancy for some weeks to the visit, and the Colonel will receive a proper Salvation welcome.

Toronto has again done well for Self-Denial. The complete returns are not yet in, but there is every reason to believe all corps will go over their targets. The following corps have sent in their returns:

| | | |
|-------------|----------|----------------------|
| Lippincott, | \$380, | or \$55 over target. |
| Riverside, | \$180, | or \$30 over target. |
| Yorkville, | \$242, | or \$14 over target. |
| Dovercourt, | \$65.25, | or 25c. over target. |

It is with sorrow we learn of the death of the wife and child of Brother Foy, Moose Jaw, both within a few days of each other. Our comrade has our heart-felt sympathies and prayers in his sad loss.

Huntsville is plagued with small-pox and our barracks has been temporarily closed. The whole populace have been compulsorily vaccinated.

Staff-Capt. Cass and his dear wife are passing through a season of great trial. Two of their children have been stricken down with diphtheria. Everybody pray for their speedy recovery. The second child is now in the hospital very ill.

We learn that the East expects to have between twenty and twenty-five Candidates ready by the September session.

On Sunday, June 22nd, twenty-two corps in the Eastern Province will have a change of officers.

A cheering letter has been received by the Commissioner from Ensign Thomas Brown, lately from Glen Powell, on the Upper Klamath Reservation, extract from the same goes on to say: "At the close of the third winter spent here amongst the Indians, I am glad to be able to report progress in every way. Our little village is prospering, and all the people are becoming men of well-doing, as you would readily see if you could favor us with a visit, as we hope you will. About seventy persons are permanently settled here now, and not one has left me, nor has any of the children. The Government barracks as it stands has cost \$240 cash, and the labor has been given free." The Ensign has done noble work in that far-off point of the vineyard, far removed from ordinary advantages, but his heart is in his work, and God is prospering his labor of love.

Major McMillan states with regard to Self-Denial, "We are not in a position to give you a full report of this yet, but we are pleased to announce that the Provincial target is sure."

THE FERNIE DISASTER

By Our Own Correspondent.

Little did the brave miners think that, when they entered the pit on the afternoon shift of Thursday, May 22nd, it was their last time. Such was the case, however, for out of the 175 men who went to work that afternoon, but twenty-four came out alive. From some unknown cause, at about 7 o'clock in the evening

A Terrific Explosion
took place, completely wrecking two
mines at once! Truly it might be
said of it, "In such an hour as ye
think not!"

What a sight is the line of coffins which continually goes along the streets of Fernie.

There are now about ninety bodies recovered, some being so mutilated as to be beyond recognition. Sergeant-Major Holmes is bravely working with Bro. Corruthers with the rescue party. We have great need to thank God that None of Our Comrades Were in the Disaster,

although two were working in the same pit, only on the opposite shift. But it has not left us without cause to mourn, for Treasurer McMillan's boy, Rennie, a lad of fifteen years, was in the mine on that fatal afternoon and was killed. They got his body out on the 23rd and buried him on the 25th. Treasurer McMillan and his dear wife feel this loss very keenly.

The telegraph office was packed, the day after the accident, with men despatching messages to their loved ones, telling them of their escape. Oh, that men would be as anxious to tell of their safety for eternity! Already the merchants of the town alone have subscribed \$1,000 towards the relief of the sufferers, and outside help is fast coming in.

We are more than ever convinced that this life is short, and that man is only as grass. May the Lord of all comfort sustain the Treasurer and wife in their sad loss, and the poor widows and orphans who are left to face life's struggles alone.

Among the latest converts in the Ceylon Territory are a Mohammedan and a Buddhist priest.



Home Again

A loyal welcome home was given to the Commissioner on her return from her lengthy tour across the continent and north to Alaska, during which she traveled over eight thousand miles and personally conducted thirty-three crowded meetings, in which over three hundred souls came to the penitential form for holiness and salvation. The largest halls were secured in every place, and almost without exception, were filled at every meeting. The impressions of the tour are incalculable in their far-reaching effects in inspiring and encouraging soldiers and officers to a more aggressive warfare, enlisting Christians to greater consecration and earnest endeavors to help others, and last, but not least, stamping on the consciences of sinners the baseness of their lives, as well as the need of pardon, and the certainty of forgiveness to the penitent soul.

The Red Knights of the Cross, who accompanied our gifted leader, made it somewhat easier for her than a tour of this description would naturally have been, especially so soon after her prolonged illness. Her Staff were delighted to see her returning with a healthier glow in her face, and a more elastic hearing.

The party, while touring under Brigadier Pugmire's command, also met with hearty receptions everywhere, and gave a good account of themselves. On the whole, the North-West and Pacific Provinces will long and kindly remember the visit of their Commissioner and the Red Knights of the Cross.

Incessant Change.

In the rejoicing over the home-coming of the Commissioner and party were mingled some notes of sorrow and pain over the gap made in the homes of two of our oldest and best-known Staff Officers, Brigadier Horn and Lieut. Colonel Mrs. Read. After the sad news of the death of the only child of her sister, Commissioner Lucy, to whom she is deeply attached, the Commissioner received by wire the news of the departure of little Violet, the only and passionately-loved daughter of Mrs. Read, just before embarking for Alaska; and again on her return to Vancouver the shocking intelligence of the sudden promotion of Mrs. Brigadier Horn was conveyed to her. It was on account of these bereavements that the Commissioner decided to dispense with the Welcome Tea which was to take place on the Friday. How deeply the great lesson of the uncertainty of this life impressed us! Change is going on all around us; how much we observe it even after a comparatively short absence of ten weeks!

TRIUMPHANT WIND-UP AT WINNIPEG.

Calgary's Unexpected Treat—The Albertan Metropolis Appreciative—The Commissioner and Red Knights Meet Again After Four Weeks' Separate Touring—Winnipeg Opera House Packed Twice on Sunday—Monday's Finish—Home Once More!



ALGARY was taken by surprise. A wire had been sent a week before the date of the Commissioner's visit, to give time for arrangements and announcements, but in some mysterious manner there was a delay of communication between the party who received the wire and the officer in charge, which worked out unsatisfactorily in giving Capt. Gilliam scarcely two days for announcements. In the meantime the Opera House had been engaged for a popular concert for the same night that the Commissioner visited Calgary, and other disadvantages were to be faced, and as many people expressed their regret at being unable to attend that night, the Commissioner decided to stay another night, and deliver her famous album lecture in the Opera House on Thursday night. So on the Wednesday evening the noted leader spoke to a goodly crowd in the Methodist Church on the work of the Salvation Army, and received an excellent hearing. The stories of work accomplished in the various branches of the Army most pointedly illustrated the address, which had nothing of the dryness of a mere recital of statistics.

Thursday brought with it heavy showers of rain, and much doubt was entertained as to the success of the meeting at night by the local people, but there was a very large attendance in spite of the inclement weather. The people here, as elsewhere, were enraptured with the Commissioner's lecture "in rags," and they freely gave expressions to their sympathy with the speaker and the organization represented by her. The local newspapers spoke in most appreciative terms of the meeting, as the following clipping of a lengthy report shows:

A Press Opinion.

"... Those who did attend were well repaid, and those who did not missed the cleverest lecture given in this city for a long time. For over two hours Miss Booth talked of her life and work in the slums of London, and during all that time you could have heard a pin fall. The recital was a very touching one, and there were very few dry eyes in the house as she told of Rescue Work in dark alleys and places where even the police would not dare to tread."

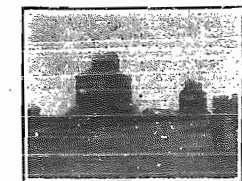
"The whole story, besides being centered around human nature, and the commendable efforts to uplift, was a beautiful work-painting. Some people object to what they call Miss Booth's dramatic style of enunciation, but of one thing all are agreed, that her word-pictures are a touch of realism that transports her hearers to the very den she speaks about."

"Whenever objections anyone could have to her dramatic recital, and there should be none—they must confess that her voice fairly rings with tones of sympathy and love."

"In all her word-pictures Miss Booth shows that she has a wonderful insight into human nature, and her success in dealing with humanity is due to this knowledge, gleaned from actual duty in life's school of sorrow."

—Albertan.

Calgary is a booming city. Work in



Grain Elevators, Moosemin, Man.

plentiful, and so is money. Many emigrants from all parts of the world are settling in the neighborhood; especially noteworthy is the better class of settlers who have come from across the border to the North-West Territory.

Captain Gilliam had things well in hand, and is elated with the prospects of having soon a new building in the course of erection. The people are helping liberally, having a very high opinion of the work of the Army and its officers. The hand is doing well, and looked very trim in their red coats. Capt. Gilliam is anxious to have his corps well in uniform.

Off for Winnipeg.

1.30 a.m. found us again on the east-bound train, this time not to stop en route until we stepped on Saturday afternoon on the platform at Winnipeg. There the stately figure of our beloved Chief Secretary, Colonel Jacobs, the snow-crowned summit of the graceful anatomy of the worthy P. O., Brigadier Southall, the shining countenance, soulful countenance of Brigadier Pugmire, and the Red Knights of

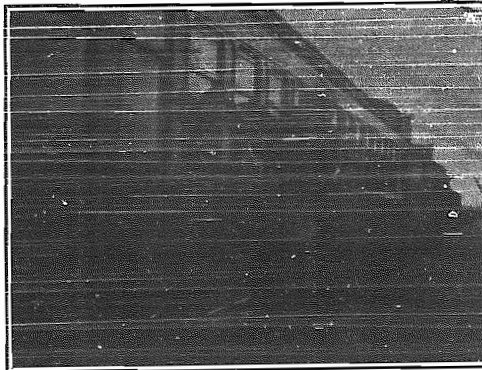
up in old-time fashion with a general justification.

The final meeting of the Winnipeg series, and of the entire tour, concluded with "Miss Booth in Rags," at the citadel, the theatre having been previously engaged for the Monday.

In spite of the celebrations in honor of the conclusion of peace in South Africa, the rainy evening, and the counter attractions, the audience was very gratifying, from point of numbers, attention, interest, and results.

The expressions of appreciation from the people who attended the Commissioner's meetings were numerous. One lady handed Miss Booth a costly piece of jewelry to be sold in the interest of the work, and many eagerly sought to shake hands with her, and to say a word of thanks for blessings received.

This ended the last meeting of one of the most remarkable tours in this Territory. Many interesting details and side lights have been passed over, on account of limited space and time, but in another issue I hope to review the entire tour, and will endeavor to round off the impressions given by the



Red Knights, "All-Aboard."

the Cross, and others thrown in, welcomed the Commissioner and party. Winnipeg looks a busy and prosperous city, and its people are most friendly to the Army and its institutions. The fine citadel is a model building in many respects, and Brigadier Southall deserves every credit for it.

The Red Knights gave a musical festival on Saturday night, and the heartiness of their reception showed how great an impression they had left upon the Prairie Metropolis upon their first visit some two months previously.

Colonel Jacobs conducted the Sunday morning holiness meeting at the citadel, selecting one of his original subjects, easily interesting and holding his audience by his inimitable talk. The truth hit home to a number of hearts, and the penitential form was filled with seekers for holiness, and one for salvation.

Theatre Thronged Twice.

The Commissioner delivered two addresses on Sunday afternoon and night at the Winnipeg Theatre; her subjects were: "The Broken Link," and "Five Years After." The spacious theatre was completely packed twice with audiences representing all classes. The Commissioner was at her best, and spoke with fluency and force, especially at night. Her audience at times was so gripped with attention that the silence was almost painful. And the effects were telling in the large number of men and women who came to the front for salvation and holiness in both meetings.

It was late at night when we wound

Within the past six years, since the Commander and Consul assumed the administration of the Army government in the U. S. A., there has been an increase of from 2,000 to 3,000 officers; of from something like 600 to something over 900 corps, outposts, and Social institutions; of from seven to twenty-one Branch Homes, having an annual capacity respectively of 450 and 1,500 inmates. Six years ago Army shelters afforded accommodation to 600 individuals nightly; at the present date 3,000 are housed, and being nightly sheltered, and during the past year were furnished a round 3,000,000 lodgings. A system of fifty industrial homes also have been created, by which during the past year no less than \$120,000 has been earned, and hundreds and hundreds of unfortunate men have been enabled to maintain their self-respect.

The farm colonies, subject to so many melancholy prospects two or three years ago, have proved themselves all but more than all that was hoped for them.

Of money loaned, \$25,000 has been repaid in two years. Two different colonists have been able entirely to liquidate the Army's claims upon them, though the limit set for payment was ten years, and there are some seven or eight more colonists who, at the present rate of payment will be out of their homes in from four to five years.

We congratulate the Editor of our contemporary on his promotion to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, together with our other comrades who have recently gone up one.

West Indies.

Commissioner Cadman, who is on a visit to the West Indies, recently conducted a special service at the Kingston Jail, Jamaica, the Governor and Assistant Superintendent being also present. Four hundred and sixty prisoners attended—men and women. They were evidently sincere in their repentance, and they freely gave expressions to their sympathy with the Commissioner's message was sympathetic. Quite half the number present stood to their feet, as a signal that they desired to be prayed for and further enlightened by personal advice. The Superintendent said the prisoners should be given an opportunity of some personal talk with the visitors, but seeing the response was so great it was impossible to deal with so many at the time and in the way suggested. The names had, therefore, to be taken, and individual counsel arranged for later. The kindness of the Governor and his assistant officials was very marked. In an interview with the visitors he expressed his confidence in the Army's methods and ability to deal with the criminal class.

Australasia.

From the Australian War Cry we gather "The Commissioner has decided, after very careful consideration, to promote to a large number of field officers to the rank of Ensign and Adjutant, according to their length of service and special circumstances, and before he takes ship for the West the long list will have been announced. Probably in no period of the Army's history has there been conferred distinctions for service, loyalty, and faithfulness in such large numbers. The list indicates that no less than 170 officers are to be elevated in rank. Officers will be represented in every State of the Commonwealth and New Zealand."

A new thing for Australasia in the way of literature. The Commissioner has decided to publish a Local Officer for the Territory. It is to see the light of day in the month of June, and will be brightly written, approximately illustrated, consist of thirty-six pages, and will embrace the Junior Company Lessons for the month, special sections for bands and Corps-Captains, and the whole being placed within the confines of a handsome cover.

Twenty-two Salvation Army stations have been opened in Germany during the last nine months.

Our Army Empire.

Great Britain.

The General has just concluded some remarkable meetings at Inwech during which seventy-seven came to the penitential form, among the seekers being a man who had been in prison no less than sixty times.

Commissioner Adelaide Cox, of Great Britain, is a high woman of God who fills that high position in the Army.

United States.

The Army's great Pan-American Congress has been very successful in New York City. A large and appreciative crowd assembled at the Academy of Music and listened intently to the addresses by Commander and Consul Booth-Tucker. Other meetings have been equally as brilliant, and the counsels were superb.

I am sure many of my old comrades and friends will be anxious to hear how we like this beautiful land and its people. I will, therefore, give you some meagre outlines of our travels and manoeuvres so far.

A Weary Ride, but a Warm Welcome.

A jolly merry ride brought us to another old battlefield—New Glasgow. We were met by the redoubtable Adjt. Wiggin, and found his kind wife in readiness to make us happy and comfortable. It seemed to bring all "very eventful times" back again, and we were met by the schoolmates, soldiers, at the "old corps," and together we entered the battlefield. Today we are still marching on to victory. We had a good week-end. Treas. John McPherson, Mother Pettis, J. S. S.-M. and Mrs. Nell McLaren, Rev. Jim Sparks, and a host of others, were with us. We are still, true to God and the Army. We say, "God bless New Glasgow."

A Fond Good-Bye

is said, we board the S.S. Bruce, and by early next morning reach Port-au-Prince, then take the train en route to St. John's, Nfld. The mountain-tops all along the line were clad with snow, and the country seemed very mountainous and barren. In the spring-time it looked different than when the hills and forest put on their summer bloom. My heart went out to the many poor folks who live so far away from other

families, miles and miles in some cases. I must give you the most touching incident to me.

[illegible]

The Bay of Islands, and the passing along the Humber River, amidst towering rocks and trees, was one of the finest pieces of scenery I ever saw. Soon we were climbing the altitudes, and by sunset we reached the famous Top Sails. Here we had snow banks piled back by snow fences, in places the snow being three and four feet deep, and ice ponds whose ice had not moved as yet. How is that for the last of May? Hours passed in the forest the long grass of five hundred years ago, four foot miles by rail came to a close, and by the time "St. John's" was called out, there was a fervent "Thank God!" from our hearts.

We were met by as happy a crowd as one could wish to meet. The first to greet us were Brigadier and Mrs. Smeeton, and a few officers, who gave us a rousing welcome. We were soon in our home, at 61 Power St. The P. O. and his brave wife were with us for dinner, and I must say we felt right in love with our leaders, and every day the way grows brighter.

Adj. and Mrs. Fraser, and No. 1. corps, gave us a warm welcome at night. The Sunday was spent there also, and we had a proper Newfoundland time.

The second Sunday on the Island was spent at No. 11. Adj. Ogilvie (a Scot Canadian) leads the forces here, and with her company of Cadets in Training, we had a glorious time—what they call here a "fair wind and full tide." Nine souls at night, music and dancing. Again I "joined 'em." Oh, we had a time of times!

The usual routine of business was gone into by the kindly tuition of the P. O. and our old comrades, Ensigns Wood and Welch, the "school marm," dropped in. I was introduced to the ways of seal-catching, and turning the fat into oil; but enough said, we will pass on, as the fumigations are very strong. All was wonderful to me; the catch this year was very successful.

The Maiden Trip.

The P. O. outlined a trip, and we soon said good-bye to our loved ones, and started off for Notre Dame Bay. The first stop is Louisport, in Burnt Bay, then the open boat. They called this one a "punt" head wind. We got across the bay and left our baggage, and walked round the shore some five miles, to Michael's Cove, then three miles more through a swamp, and still on we plodded through

Bog and Water Over Boot-Tops.

"Such a slut we were! At last Capt. Beall was reached, and Capt. LeDrew did all in her power for our comfort. You all know Paul was the greatest pioneer preacher. I had to call out over his shoulder, "Skipper, get up here you over there?" But there seemed an echo, "No, not this way." We had a nice time, but the men were mostly all alone in the woods. A head wind and heavy rain kept us from going to the island and another good meeting. By this time Skipper (Captain) Higdon arrived dressed in black, and with a black hat, Black Island. We were aroused by him at midnight. He said he had been sailing we boarded this time what they call a "Trap Skiff," with oars eight feet long. I actually thought they were trying to joke me, when they told me that one of our men had been moved to be a dead calm, pull they

the way, and we called at Gull Island for lunch. We made a fire and had a cup of tea, raided the bread-box and poured the molasses out on paper. Etiquette was not there, but we had a lovely time just the same. I saw, en route to Samson's Island, my first seal in the water. They called him a "Harp."

We were welcomed by Sergt-Major Potter and his hospitable wife at this prospective new opening, Samson's island. We inspected the new barracks, did some business with the trader, and then returned to the island. Sergt-Major Potter had the table laden with good things, more than we could eat. There was no use returning here. We then went across the island, inspected the barracks and school situated half way across the island. Fancy two or three miles to come to meeting, and kneedrill at that! We were soon at the quarters, at Bro. Hill's salvation home. The meeting was held at the house of P. O' vather, which is the event of the year. Futher Hill was my ideal type of a fisherman, in his white pants, smock coat and muffler. Dad is a real "Salvationeer," his son is the only fisherman in the country, and his daughter are in full harvest.

Heavenly Time.

The Bik Island meeting was a heavenly time. Such a chorus as "Farther on the way grows brighter," set the whole place on fire. You should hear them singing, and see them dancing and waving their hands in the light of my life. God bless them. Capt. Moulton and some comrades from Morton's Harbor came over for the meeting. In the glare of moonlight we danced and sang, and then sat on the canvas and were taken into the home of Sergt.-Major Matthias Jones, where we saw Lieut. John Miller, one of our graded teachers. Super again—I tell you I never met the like. Fancy his eyes, his hair, his nose, his ears, his foundation warfare you can eat any time. We were soon on our way across the island, and reached Capt. Moulton's headquarters at 2 a. m. Well, well, well, well, well. Yes, without rocking. We were very sorry in not being able to make our appointment here on account of the weather. We started for Tillwaglate for the day after tomorrow, and on the other side. Open boat again, and poor skippers! This time, but for Skipper (Capt.) Moulton, I should have been anxious for our safety. A good skipper is a rare thing. We were accompanied by smiles, met us, and the Captains Satsbury and Lieut. Fisher, her assistant, joined in the welcome. Lieut. Miller was with us for the week-end. We had splendid crowds and the P. O. gave us two beautiful wind-wardings. Sunday afternoon and night. Two souls came to the fountain and we had a proper wind-up. We enjoyed the trip very much. You may have read in the *Cry* of a coming of the name is Lieut. C. French, and he came over from Herring Neck with Skipper Loveless. After dinner we had another four-mile walk, then open boat to the beach, and we had a proper taste of

"Life on the Ocean Wave."

Now for hit of out-barbaric dialect. We passed into the "Bite" and down the "Tickle," we hooved her over and soon we were in the J. S. Sargeant, Major's comfortable home. Tea over, your humble servant climbed the high-backed, high-backed, high-backed (a rare novelty here) Soon our crowd gathered, we had a full house and a grand meeting. There are real rangers here. The Captain had a double house in, as the comrades had recently broken through. This is a lovely place, and the Captain is a very nice fellow. The next day we were off again on board the S.S. Clyde. We saw Capt. Cate and Lieut. Smith on our way down the Bay. The Captain has done some hard tolling this winter in blissing lumber camps, etc. God bless

The boat reached Louisport again by 4.30 a.m., then we went by train to Notre Dame Junction, saw some comrades, then walked three miles to Gambo and were welcomed by Capt. Way and Lieut. Diamond, who are battling for God here. Many of the comrades are away at present. They have a nice barracks, and I pray that they may soon see a harvest of souls. We walked again three miles after meeting. The kindness of the brother who

carried our baggage from the Bay to Campbellton will not be forgotten. I think his name was J. S. S. M. M.

We boarded the train for Port Blanford after a few hours' sleep, and thence to Bonavista for the weekend by S.S. Dunstons. The Saturday here was a very good success. Sunday, all day, good crowds and plenty of things, with one seeker at night. The P. O. and Ensign walked over to Bird Island Cove for the afternoon meeting, and reported a good time. Capt. W. W. Ensign, who has been in the service, which he deserves great thanks for, the Captain is at home with the hammock and saw, and for deriving windows is hard to heat. We closed our tour at Bonavista amidst shouts of praise and good wishes, and then went on to Catalina to take the S.S. Ethic to connect with train at Clarensville for St. John's, and had the joy unexpectedly of dropping in for the meeting at the latter place. We had a nice meeting and were promised to call again in the near future.

Eastern Harvesters

**Thirteen Soldiers Enrolled, Ten Local
Officers Commissioned, and Five
Souls Saved at Campbellton.**

We had quite a few farms to go over on the train from Newcastle to Campbellton, where we were announced to hold two big meetens in the I.O.O.F. Hall. Adj't. Byers, the D. O., was gone to lead us on, un he is a hustler, too. Cpts. Mercer un Pemberton were all smiles as the train pulled into the Campbellton yard, un we hopped off.

"What's the prospects, Captain?"

"Oh, they're good; the soldiers are all on fire over the big time we're gone to have."

After getting a good truck-in at Bro. Cooper's on Bro. Berry's, an gotten a bit straightened up, we started for the barracks. The orders was "All hands to the rear of the truck, to the right of the corner." Well, sir, what a crowd there was! About forty-five on the march, un hundreds of people crowded around the open-air. I listen to the Adjutant. The Adjutant said, "As the troupe, was on fire. Back we marched to the big hall, which was so crowded, there was hardly a place to sit down, un the big stage of the hall. The Adjutant said, "The soldiers un converts: they fairly took the place by storm. It makes a fellow feel good to strike comrades like that, especially converts what is just starting out. The Adjutant said, "I talked, un then Adjutant enrolled eight soldiers under the blood and fire flag. As the comrades stepped forward un took their places under the flag, it so happened that the Adjutant was equipped with all their might. After the Adjutant and Ensign had spoke with great force, we went into a red-hot prayer meeting, and finished up with

The next afternoon we met at the barracks for a soldiers' meeten. A nice crowd was there. The D. O. and Ensign McElheney spoke. We rallied together again for another big march at 7.30. The big hall was crowded to the door, and the platform filled with Salvationists. Five converts, who could not get to meeten the night before, were enrolled as soldiers, and ten Local Officers were commissioned. We had a boll-on prayer meeten and one soul for salvation.

and one son to slay him. He had some grand soldiers, some of whom we believe will make good officers. A school-teacher, who was converted a few weeks ago, left her school and took the train for us to attend the meeten, intending to be enrolled, but the train was late and she did not arrive. She said she would come back to Star-Captain's meeten next week and be enrolled.

We were sorry to find Bro. Thompson very sick, and do hope he will soon be better again. We did enjoy our visit to Campbellton very much. The people were disappointed that Mrs. McElroy was unable to come. We will write to her, and hope to see her when we turn south towards Hillsboro—Farmer, Tenn.

Loving deeds are the best seeds;
they bear in all soils.

—✱—
Don't ring the bell of prayer, and
run away: wait.



Kind Friends Assisted.

Ahmie Harbor.—On Wednesday we had a social and special meeting, which was attended by a large crowd. Rev. Mr. Henderson and Mr. Koukell, and a number of kind friends of Ahmie Harbor, assisted us with the program, which was enjoyed by all present. Cake and coffee, with ice cream, were served. We smashed our Self-Denial target. The people of Ahmie Harbor did well. God bless them.—Jennie Bone, Capt.

Welcome Home.

Blenheim.—On Sunday afternoon we were reinforced by Bandsman Wood, of Clitham, who rendered good service in the band with the snare drum. Our meeting at night, despite a Temperance Mass Meeting in the Opera House, was well attended. We had a good open-air on Saturday night, collection more than doubled. We were pleased to have our old comrade, Mrs. Palmer, with us on Sunday, after five months' severe illness.—Ina Groom.

Their Sins Troubled Them.

Carlton, N.B.—We thank God for one soul, who sought and found the Saviour since last report. God is with us, and although we do not see many at the mercy-seat there are those who are troubled on account of their sins, and feel they should get right. We praise God for the way He has helped us in the past, and we mean to go on, believing for victory in the future.—Soldier.

Six Seekers and Three Soldiers.

Chatham, N.B.—Since last report we have had our D. O. Adit Byers, with us for a week-end. Three souls sought sanctification, and there was some hard fighting, but no sinners surrendered. Staff-Capt. Howell also spent a week-end here, when one soul came to the cross for sanctification, two for salvation, and three soldiers were enrolled. Capt. Miller has been laid aside for a few days with the gripe, but we are pleased to say she is at the front again. Our Self-Denial flag is going up. Victory is sure.—Sergeant-Major Harding.

Let the Revival Come.

Chesley.—Two prisoners have been captured since last report, and God has wonderfully blessed us. We are going to have the Hand-Bell Ringers with us soon, and we are believing for a revival.—I. Witness.

A Californian Visitor.

Cobourg.—We had a beautiful meeting on Thursday evening. Adjt. Lacey, of California, was with us. The open-air was much enjoyed by those who were standing around, and God blessed us abundantly in the inside meeting. We are believing for greater things in the future.—R. C.

They Came to Kneel-Drill.

Dresden.—We have had good times all week, and on Sunday a large number of the soldiers attended kneel-drill. The Lord is blessing us, and we are pulling down Satan's kingdom. Two precious souls came to the Saviour.

Roots of Bitterness.

Faversham.—Our labors are again rewarded with one soul in the fountain, an ex-Salvationist. The lesson, entitled "Roots of Bitterness," Heb. xii, 14, 15, was an impressive one.—Correspondent.

Her All on the Altar.

Galt.—Last Friday night one dear sister laid her all on the altar, and we believe God has done a real work in her heart. Others are convicted, and we are believing and praying for them. We have smashed our Self-Denial target. The officers and soldiers went at it wholeheartedly, and

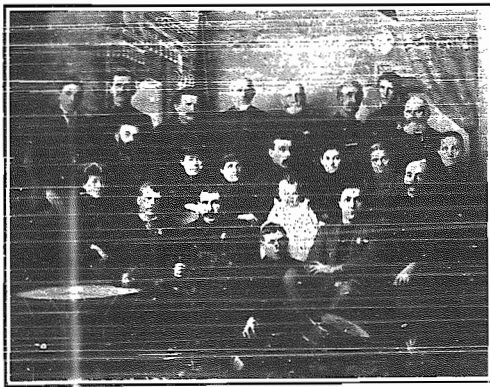
we can shout victory. Praise God! The finances are up-to-date, and the War Cry goes like hot cakes. The Galt people know a good thing when they see it.—Mrs. Gooding.

Six Souls S-D. Sunday.

Glouce Bay.—On Sunday, the first day of our Self-Denial Week, we had glorious meetings. One soul came to the cross at kneel-drill, one in the holiness meeting, and we wound up at night with four more at the mercy-seat. We intend, by the help of God to reach our S-D. target, and also to lead men and women from sin unto God. Watch future reports.—E. J. Strothard, Lieut.

Five Years a Backslider.

Hespler.—Sister I. Blodgett, of Palmerston, spent the week-end here. Her singing was grand. The meetings were good all day Sunday, and we closed at ten o'clock with three precious souls in the fountain, one being a backslider of five years' standing. God bless and keep them true. We are more determined to fight under the flag than ever.—E. B. Dearing, R.C.



Capt. Cook, Lieut. Lawrie, and Soldiers of the Port Hope Corps.

Self-Denial Victory.

Larimore.—Three young men have given their hearts to God this week, and we are believing for more. We are also having victory in our Self-Denial Effort. One sister-soldier visited one town, prayed in fifty houses, and brought home a "fat purse," much to our delight. We give our God all the glory.—W. B. Milron, Capt.

Smashed.

Lewiston.—God is wonderfully blessing our efforts, and backsliders are returning to the fold. Some of our soldiers are becoming candidates for officership, and our Self-Denial target of twenty-five dollars has been smashed. Capt. Lacey has the new barracks and quarters in better condition than ever before. We are sorry to report that Mrs. Lacey is no better. May God bless her.—S. M. Sumpter.

Encouraging.

Liverpool.—Capt. Murthorough and Lieut. Clark are determined to hit the Self-Denial target. Our meetings are encouraging. We have good crowds and good order, and God's Spirit is convicting many of sin.—F. Jayne.

Musical Meeting.

Montreal French Corps.—The Army work, under the command of Ensign Cahrit, is going on nicely here. Ensign

Hakkirk, of No. 1, and his band, gave us a musical meeting on Friday evening, which was very much appreciated and enjoyed by the French people. Ice cream and cake were served at the close. Capt. Newell has come to assist Ensign Cahrit in the work here.—Ancl.

War Cry All Sold.

Neepawa.—We are still fighting against sin, with Capt. Livingston and Lieut. Gardiner as leaders. Sunday's meetings were good. We are praying and believing for souls, and God is going to give us the victory. Our Self-Denial target is set, and with God's help we are determined to smash it. The War Cry is sold out weekly.—A. Soldier.

Shouts of Glory.

Newcastle.—We have had a visit from the Evangelist Quartet. The people declared the meetings were real old-timers. The fight was stiff at first, and things looked dark, but while the Ensign was singing during the prayer meeting and waiting for souls to come,

joyable evening was spent.—A. Haldane.

Five in the Fountain.

St. John's III.—On Sunday Mrs. Brigadier Smeeton and Mrs. Adjt. McGillivray were with us. It was a blessed day at No. III, and at the close of the night's meeting we rejoiced over five precious souls in the fountain. Lieut. Blackmore, who is in charge, is doing a noble work. She is assisted by the waiters from No. II. Training Home. Watch No. III reports, for Lieut. Blackmore is putting things in first-class shape. Our motto is, "Never say die."—J. G. L.

The Commissioner's Return.

Vancouver. We praise God for the safe return of our dear Commissioner and Staff from the north. Truly we rejoice that we have had the pleasure of seeing and hearing her once more. We regret, however, that, owing to the short notice, many were not aware of the Commissioner's return visit here, consequently the attendance was not such as we would like to have seen. However, quite a large and appreciative audience welcomed the Commissioner at the City Hall, and enjoyed the masterful way in which the subject, "The Song of the City," was handled. Heartfelt words, heaven-born thoughts, eloquent and soul-inspiring truths she uttered. The audience gave rapt attention, drinking in every word, and save for the occasional prattle of some little tots, nothing but the heart-searching, soul-inspiring words of the Commissioner could be heard. The immediate visible results of the meeting were two souls, one a young boy, who, we believe, will make a true and noble warrior in the Lord's vineyard. But not until the great day of reckoning shall it be known what influence for good the noble efforts of our dear Commissioner have been. The Vancouver corps is united in saying that the meetings held by the Commissioner and her Staff have been a great blessing and inspiration to us—yca, an encouragement to go on to greater heights. May God bless, strengthen, and long spare her for her noble work, and send her to us soon again, in our prayer.—H. N. M. N.

A Record-Breaker.

Westville.—Our Annual Self-Denial Effort is a thing of the past, and victory is written across our banner. The people of Westville deserve honorable mention for the noble way they have donated towards this fund. Your noble services went to forty people in succession, with one soldier, and received thirty-five dollars. That's a record-breaker for me. Treas. Thos. Madden and Mrs. Jno. G. Blackwood did remarkably well to collect over twenty dollars each. Some have prophesied that one hundred and thirty dollars was too much for this town, but I can say it was the easiest Self-Denial Effort that I ever took hold of. All hands are to be congratulated for the success of the effort. Ensign McDonald, who is home resting, took part in the meetings all day on Sunday. The mission is far from being strong, and no end regards his inability, more than himself, to be at the front of the battle. May God bless him.—G. P. T.

Successful Opening.

Whitney Pier.—The opening of this place has been a grand success. Ensign Allen, assisted by Capt. Green and Master A. Dean, from Dominion, also a number of braves from Sydney, fired the first shot on Sunday, at 2 p.m. The hall was crowded to the doors. There was deep conviction throughout the meetings. The collections amounted to over thirty dollars. The people welcomed the Army here, and we are believing for a big break soon.—A. G. Ritchie, Capt.

the floor opened, and in came three last, who walked right out to the penton form. There were shouts of glory all round, and souls were saved every night after that. One man sought Christ who had not been in a religious meeting since a boy. We are expecting some real good soldiers out of the converts. We are looking forward to a visit from Brigadier Sharp soon.—One of the Crowd.

Welcome to Capt. Redmond.

Somerset.—Der —We are still fighting under the blood-stained banner of the cross. Ensign Sabine and Capt. Payne have said good-bye, and Captain Redmond has taken command of this corps. She is an enthusiastic soldier, her heart is in her work. There was a good crowd present to welcome her on Friday night. On Sunday Captain Prince, from St. George's, was with us. At night, when we drew in the net, God granted us the privilege of seeing one soul seeking salvation.—C. E. Harrison, Sec.

Great Rejoicing.

Strathroy.—Thank God we are all of one accord, trying to spread salvation. Capt. Fyfe and Lieut. Close are working hard, and their labor shall not be in vain. Adjt. Kenway arrived just as the townspeople were rejoicing over the South African victory. Our band produced fine music, and an en-



"What Doth Hinder?"



By ENSIGN EASTON.

"Whereas, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us, looking unto Jesus, the Author and Finisher of our faith; who, for the joy that was set before Him, endured the cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God."—Heb. xii. 1, 2.



PAUL had been enumerating to the Hebrew Church some of the many instances in the Holy Scriptures of those who had been enabled to patiently endure the race that was "set before them," and though to some it had meant cruel mockings and scourgings, torture and imprisonment, yea, even death itself, yet they had triumphed every day, overcome every temptation, surmounted every obstacle, and been made more than conquerors through faith in their God!

As a further incentive to perseverance, he reminded them that those ancient martyrs to the truth had not had the fulfillment of the promise in their day as the Hebrews had had. The coming of Christ was but a prophecy—something to be looked forward to in the future—but to the Christians in Paul's time, it was a reality. Christ had come and been manifested to them, therefore much more was expected of them.

It was with the Hebrews in Paul's day, how much more is it so with us! We have Gospel privileges which they never dreamed of! Opportunities of worshipping God, of claiming His truths, of being built up in our most holy faith of which they knew nothing! Oh, what privileges are ours! And how lightly esteemed!

"Wherefore, seeing we are compassed about," the apostle crowns his witnesses; seeing that so many have come before who have proved God's grace to be sufficient under the most trying circumstances and in their hour of direst need, let us much more favorably consider how we can prepare ourselves for the race which is marked out for us!

Paul likens the life of a Christian to the race, which was a favorite Olympic game in his day; and as those who were to run took care to divest themselves of everything that would in the least degree impede their progress, and so prevent their winning the prize, so must we part with everything that would be a hindrance to us in running the heavenly race. Christ Himself emphasized the importance of this when He said in His sermon, "If thy right eye offend thee," etc., and "If thy right hand offend thee," etc.

It is necessary, therefore, that, in the words of Paul, we lay aside every weight, or discard everything that would hinder our progress, or cause us to come short, or that we might attain to, or to fall behind when we might be in the front.

What Are These Weights?

What heavier weight than Self? What more in evidence than self? It worms its way into everything. Can we point to any action of our lives in which was not an element of selfishness? I hope we can, but let me tell you, self is the last!

Pride is an offspring of selfishness; pride of birth, of station, of environment, of intellect, or capability, of attainment! It is not creditable to many lives have been added into this world under more favorable circumstances than others, or have had more opportunities than some, or been blessed with greater gifts than those about us! Then why be proud of these facts?

Temper, an outcome of selfishness! Things do not please us—we fly into a passion. Our wishes are not considered, our plans are thwarted—we are angry! There are black looks, cross words, unkind actions, all because of the heavy weight which is attached to us, and which we have not cast aside.

How many friends have been separated, how many lives have been saddened, because of hasty words and actions in moments of anger! How many men, passion-possessed, have taken the lives of others, and had to pay for their own blood! Do not say you cannot help it. You can. God has provided a remedy for this,

as for all other evils. The blood of Christ can take away even your temper!

Fear! What heavier weight, what greater bondage can a soul be under than to be constantly fearing what others will think? One of the devil's most successful methods of keeping young converts from making progress in the Divine life is by whispering into their ears little suggestions as to what so-and-so will think of them if they do certain things. In nine cases out of ten this man-fearing spirit is the cause of the failure of those who start out on this way.

"From all the care of what men think or say, Cleansing for me."

You will never obtain any comfort out of your religion until delivered from this bondage.

Jealousy is another weight which greatly hinders the progress of the Christian. The Bible says, "In honor preferring one another." We say, "Let me be first. I am more capable of filling that position than the one who is second." This kind of spirit is not conducive to growth in grace. Christ cannot work in the heart that is full of such evils. These weights, or besetting sins, must be laid aside. They fill the place that Christ should occupy. The claim that the life that should be free from bondage. They exercise the mastery over what should be God-possessed and governed by the Holy Ghost.

What right not to be said also of envy, malice, hatred, doubt, unbelief, and many others, any one of which is weight sufficient to drag down the strongest soul!

There are bad habits, unconquered passions, bridges not burned in this your case, or is your particular besetting sin that has not been mentioned? Whatever it is, I beseech you get rid of it! Let the blood of Christ, shed for you upon Calvary, make you clean and pure, deliver you from every evil way, and make you a fit temple for the dwelling of the Holy Ghost. Let these words be the burden of your prayer—

"Lord Jesus, let nothing unholily remain, Appy Thine own blood, and remove every stain."

Love Must Fill the Heart.

Love to God, love to each other, love to the sinner. Paul said, in his letter to the Corinthians, "Though I speak with the tongue of men and of angels and have not love, I am nothing." Love is the fulfilling of the law, the first and greatest commandment is, to love God with all the heart. The second is like unto it, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Love worketh no ill to his neighbor. Love will not gossip about his neighbor. Love will not say unkind things about his neighbor. But love will make the best of others. Love will not see the faults of others, or, seeing them, will try to help. Love will love and welcome one in there will be none of these evil workings.

Having, therefore, made preparation for the race, let us run with patience, keeping our eyes on the goal, not turning aside, and how enticement some other path may appear, or what obstacles to us to carry by the way. Looking unto Jesus. Ah, that is it! Looking unto Jesus. How the very name of Jesus thrills the heart of His followers! Jesus, who for the joy that was set before Him—the joy of bringing hope to the hopeless, light to those in darkness, joy to the despairing, comfort to the sad and sorrowing, peace to the distressed—love in the end, and cross, despising the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God!

What a Consummation!

After the suffering,
After the shame,

After the cross,
After the agony—
Set down at the right hand of the throne.
Through Jesus, the Author and Perfecter of our faith, we shall reach our goal—the weight gone, besetting sins gone, the race won. Is it worth striving for? Then get ready!

ONE MORE AT HOME.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. BRIGADIER HORN.

By LIEUT. STATA.

Once more our ranks on earth are broken,

Another spirit homeward flies,
Another "Well done!" has been spoken,
Beyond the skies.

To one more soul the fight is ended,
And at His feet her sheaves now rest,
Another voice in song is blended
Among the blest.

No more she sees "through a glass darkly,"
And sadly thus earth's mysteries trace.

Ah, no; life's way is seen most clearly
When "face to face."

Another less on earth to help us
To push the battle to the gates;
But, oh, to greet us over yonder
Another waits.

For she's not lost, but gone before us,
To join the ransomed ranks above,
Who, in white robes, bask in the sunshine
Of Jesus' love.

The loved ones left behind she watches,
And guards their way with tenderest care.

Until at last at home they gather
To meet her there.

Lord, help us grip our swords more tightly,
And fight for Thee in joy or pain.

Counting as dross all earthly glory,
Or earthly gain.

And following in the Master's footsteps,
We'll meet our comrades gone before.

Around Thy throne, where joys are endless,
And part no more.

To the Better Land.

Bonne Bay—"She is gone." These were the words that caught my ear on the 22nd of May, as I entered the home of Brother Orestes Howell, who, a few days before, had been watching over his dear wife. "She is gone to the better home," were the words repeated again and again. For almost two months the death angel seemed to be hovering over this little home, and at last it entered and bore the loved and washed soul of our departed sister to the pice of the pure and holy.

On Saturday our comrades met together for the funeral service. This was the first S. A. funeral in Bonne Bay, and the service was a very impressive one. A number of soldiers were with us from Rocky Harbor corps. Capt. Oxford warmed the people faithfully, bringing to their mind the many deeds of our departed sister. Capt. Ford, of Trout River, also spoke very effectively. We rejoiced in the glorious provision that was made for us through the death of Jesus, and to witness the true God and the Army, until we meet our beloved comrades in heaven. May God's richest blessing rest upon the bereaved ones.
—A. Baker, Ensign.

The Salvation Army celebrated the 15th Anniversary of the beginning of its work in Holland, on the 8th of May. Its meetings took place in the Corporation Hall, of Amsterdam. On the platform, under the flags of the seven corps of the city, Commissioner and Mrs. Cosander were seated, with Brigadier Van Rossum, Palstra, and many field officers. The whole ceremony was most impressive, and a warm spiritual atmosphere was a characteristic of the day, as was shown at the close of the meeting, when nineteen souls decided to begin a better life.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

We gave our readers a glimpse of the scene of preparation in London for our great Self-Denial battle, and now perhaps you would be interested to know just how Adjutant Goodwin and her braves have succeeded in this great effort. Let me first of all relieve your minds of any apprehensions by announcing that London has had a sweeping victory. The S. D. and target has gone away out of sight, and our flag is flying proudly at the top of the mast; in fact, last Thursday it looked as though our people would like to send it even higher than the pole would allow.

Since the effort started, in May, the collectors, big and little, young and old, have been hard at work, calling from house to house, climbing up inaccessible stairs, following up their friends, and in almost every way imaginable doing their best to gather together the dollars and cents to reach the magnificent amount of over \$425.

We are pleased to announce that the hand of God has never been so strong as something like \$50, the entire has smashed theirs all to pieces, the brothers and sisters have done their share, and altogether we have exceeded our highest expectations. To God be all the glory!

Mrs. Bandmaster Pope and Mrs. Bandman Kerwell collected over \$50 between them towards the band's target. Two of the Junior Sergeants collected \$20 between them, and one Junior Sergeant, Sgt. Major Andrews was the champion of the brothers, going quite a few dollars over his target, while Sister Cover headed the list for the sisters.

Thursday was our "recount" night, and excitement ran high as the returns came in. The late election excitement was not in it with us. This hall was well filled with an expectant crowd of soldiers and friends, all anxious to hear the results. As one and another sent up their report Adjutant Goodwin's face broadened with smiles, and when she arose to read the full report she was greeted with deafening applause. Such clapping of hands and firing of volleys as the name of each collector was called, the amount they raised, was read out!

Adj. Goodwin paid a very high tribute of praise to the London soldiers and people. Never in all her experience had she met with more liberal response, no other place so many kind words said about our work as she had while collecting amongst the people. The Adjutant herself, with Captain Hockin, collected over \$200 with but comparatively little effort. The Adjutant was so pleased with our work that she would not attempt to report the same. We feel that God is with us, and this financial victory encourages us to look for greater things spiritually as well.—Amo Dies.

Naaman, the Lepor.

St. George's, Ber.—Triumphal week-end meetings, led by Captain Prince and Sgt. Davey, Royal Artillery. The meetings were well attended, considering the state of the weather. Many of our people were given the Captain gave one of her interesting Bible talks on "Naaman, the Lepor." At the evening service Sgt. Davey gave an interesting talk on "Naami and her husband," which was appreciated very much. Capt. Prince then took charge, and after a hard-fought prayer meeting we closed with two songs at the mercy-seat. To God we give the glory. We are still praying, believing, and working for the revival in this town, and with such a leader as Captain Prince, who has the interest of the Kingdom at heart, we are sure to have victory.—J. S. S. M. Astill.

Major and Mrs. Glover have been cordially received by the comrades of Java. The voyage across the sea was rather an eventful one, but they have reached port safely. The welcome was of a hearty character, and on the whole the Major writes cheerfully of the meetings he and Mrs. Glover have conducted.

MEMORIAL SERVICE OF MRS. BRIGADIER HORN. PROMOTED.

CONDUCTED BY THE CHIEF SECRETARY, ASSISTED BY MANY OF THE HEADQUARTERS STAFF AND STAFF BAND—FOURTEEN FORWARD FOR SALVATION AND SANCTIFICATION—THE BRIGADIER'S INFANT DAUGHTER DEDICATED TO THE LORD—AN IMPRESSIVE CEREMONY.

The T. H. Q. Staff Band, clad in their scarlet uniforms, with leading officers of the Headquarters Staff, had barely taken their seats on the River-side platform when the barracks was packed to excess. Shortly after, the Chief Secretary made his appearance, and Brigadier Gaskin opened the meeting by lining out, "Shall we meet beyond the river?" To the sweet strains of music the large congregation sang heartily, and it could easily be foreseen that a blessed time was in store for us.

After prayers, which carried us far up above our surroundings to the Throne of Grace, music was played, and then the General Secretary as to the character and life of Mrs. Brigadier Horn. The battle had been fought, she had ascended to the skies, and was now singing around the throne.

The Staff Band then played and sang in turn, "It is well with my soul," followed by Mrs. Colonel Jacobs, representing married women officers. Mrs. Jacobs bore a loving tribute to the memory of our promoted comrade. At all times she had found her

An Affectionate and Sympathetic Sister,

one who could always find time to interest herself in the sorrows of others, and who was ever ready to comfort those in distress.

"We shall walk through the valley in peace," was then sung with feeling and force, all joining in the beautiful refrain. At the conclusion of the singing it was announced that Brigadier Horn would endeavor to say a few words. For a short time not a word was spoken, the emotion of the Brigadier being too great. During this brief space of time silence was only broken by the

General Sobbing All Over the Building.

The Brigadier commenced by saying, "I feel I must try and say a few words here to-night. I am not able to say how much I appreciate the many handshakes of sympathy and warm handshakes I have received. During the last few days, as I have had occasion to visit Mount Pleasant Cemetery, I have been surprised at the number of new graves which have dotted the surface of the ground here and there, and the best of them have reminded that life is earnest."

"I have been asked repeatedly how I feel. It has been a very hard question to answer. I need not say there has been a lot of feeling. A great big gathering has been made in my life which I cannot explain."

"I have been pleased to hear the many beautiful things which have been said about Mrs. Horn, to all of which I can only bear testimony. Besides these, I would like to say something to-night that would help each one, especially the married men and women. It is a pity that after our loved ones have gone, that we feel there was a possibility of our being kinder."

The Little Things that Help to Cheer Life

might have been showered upon them and be abundantly. But the past is dead, and it is no use to us except to give us the experience of what life consists of, and how we might improve the future.

"I hope, as we gather here to-night—I dare not say on this solemn occasion, except as it affects my loved ones here, and my little ones—that we will realize the importance of life. I would not ask Mrs. Horn back. Poor little girl, she had her sufferings in this life! I often thought far more than I should about the reason you have shared. That is not seen her more often, and why I have not been more frequently with you. I would like, comrades and friends, for us to learn the lesson here to-night to improve our opportunities of doing good."

"There are so many souls who are heavily burdened with sin who seem to be waiting for a more opportune time to give their hearts to Christ, but it is only a fallacy, and I sincerely trust that in this memorial service to-night they will settle this most important question."

"I know by my own experience that life is more or less filled with sorrows and hearts are torn, but He is acquainted with them all, and if you will but trust Him who gave Himself for us, they shall one day for ever cease in the beautiful Home He has prepared for us."

"Let the truths we have heard to-night impress themselves upon our hearts; then we shall be the better for this meeting. If there is a poor, weary soul struggling against the Spirit of God, throw down at the feet of Jesus the cause of rebellion and come to Mrs. Horn's Saviour. Say, 'As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord.'"



The Last Photo Taken of Mrs. Horn With the Brigadier and Their Family.

Following the earnest appeal of the Brigadier, prayer was offered. Then the Male Quartet sang sweetly, "Life's morn will soon be waning."

The Colonel then read from the 11th chapter of Revelations, commencing at the 13th verse: "And I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me, write. Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord." The Colonel went on to explain that it was possible sometimes to leave a testimony on a dying bed, a few moments before passing away, but sometimes it was not. However, if we are in life, so shall we be in death. If we live and work with Christ we shall have the signs or marks of Christ upon us. A workman can be known by the marks upon his clothes, as in the case of a painter, etc. We cannot give the Colonel's pointed address in the space allotted, but it was well chosen, and along these lines. After concluding, the Colonel dedicated Eustacia Mildred Horn, the two-months-old infant daughter of the Brigadier, to the service of God, which was extremely pathetic, during which scarce a dry eye could be seen. "When mothers of Salem," was sung by the congregation very sweetly, and the first meeting brought to a close.

Brigadier Fugmire called out for volunteers, and seven stood to their feet. The prayer meeting, which immediately followed, was

A Pentecostal Time,

fourteen coming out for salvation and the blessing of a clean heart, a sight making the hearts of men and angels rejoice.

Mrs. Capt. Cox, a Canadian Officer of Many Years' Standing, Goes to Her Reward.

A telephone message conveyed to us the sad intelligence that Mrs. Captain Cox, of the United States Field, Western New York Division, had passed away to be with Jesus, at the same time requesting that Major Turner should go and conduct the funeral and memorial services. The Major, in company with Mrs. Ensign Habkirk, started shortly after for Sherbrooke, the home of our late comrade, where a very sad, yet withal, a triumphant funeral service was conducted.

Mrs. Capt. Cox had been all for some little time, although nothing serious was apparent. Arrangements had been made for her to rest at her home, in Sherbrooke, while her husband went to the North-West to transact some business matters which needed his attention. He had already started on his journey, and had arrived at Winnipeg, when the wire reached him that his dear wife had gone to heaven. The Captain, although heartbroken, bore up bravely under the strain. The services at the home, in the Presbyterian Church, and at the grave were very impressive, and led many to think of their future.

The following extract is from the

field. On March 7th, 1887, she left her home for her first appointment, at Montreal. It, following this came Quebec, Rock Island, St. James, West Winchester and Renfrew. Upon her promotion to the rank of Captain she served faithfully at Picton, Parkdale, Whitby, Lachine, Chesherville, Huntington, Port Perry, Kempsville, Brighton, Winnipeg, Selkirk, Brandon, and Winnipeg; here she took sick and had to be removed to the hospital. After improving, she was appointed to Fortage la Prairie; from there she received her promotion to the rank of Ensign and was appointed to Calgary. After one or two other commands her health entirely gave way, causing her withdrawal. Some time after this she was married to Capt. Cox. Her health latterly had considerably improved, and with her returning health she was anxious again to return to the battle's front, consequently negotiations were commenced, resulting in the Captain selling his home and taking an appointment under Brigadier McIntyre, at Puxunawney, where, by the way, the Captain was successful in erecting a splendid S. A. building. From here our comrades went on furlough, expecting to go, at an early date, to an appointment. A few days after the news reached us that Mrs. Capt. Cox had gone to a higher and more important command in the skies.

The Captain and the bereaved ones have our deepest sympathy, and we pray that God may sustain them in this hour of trial. We are pleased, however, to see that the family are reconciled to God's will, and although not understanding His ways, can say, "Lord, not my will, but Thine be done."

Holland.

As a result of the fifteen years of laboring in Holland, the Army has in the country: 88 corps, 315 officers and employees, 26 Local Night Shelters, which have received 105,223 persons, to whom 496,449 meals were given at a very low price.

The spirit of union and affection which unites the officers in the country, from Commissioner to Lieut, is wonderful and remarkable. The Army, which is much appreciated by all, has a glorious future in this blessed little country.

BRIEF BITS.

Only a good man can see good things in others.

The merry-hearted have a fortune that thieves cannot steal.

We must live for Christ here, if we would live with Him hereafter.

The weakest saint, on his knees, is too strong for the devil.

Do your best to-day, and you will be able to do better to-morrow.

Adversity gives the great man a chance to show how great he is.

Memory makes many payments for a good deed.

Learn to be content, and you will know how to be rich.

Sherbrooke Daily Record:

"The funeral of the late Mrs. Cox, wife of John Cox, took place yesterday afternoon, from the home of her sister, Mrs. James Coombs, Rock Forest, to St. Andrew's Presbyterian Church."

"The service at the house was conducted by Major Turner, of the Salvation Army, who came from Montreal to be present, and who was accompanied by Mrs. Ensign Habkirk, Lieut. Holliday, and a number of the members of the local corps. The friends and neighbors also attended the service. The service was simple, consisting of prayers, and the hymns, 'Nearer, my God, to Thee,' and 'Rock of Ages.' The mourners were Captain Cox, husband of the deceased; Mr. and Mrs. John Broadbent, the parents; Alfred Broadbent, brother; Mr. and Mrs. James Coombs, and Mrs. Alice Shurtliff. The procession came slowly from Rock Forest, and was received at the church by Rev. Mr. Tait, with Major Turner, officiated. The remains were laid to rest in beautiful Elmwood, the final words of prayer arising and the touching hymns sung by the comrades of the dead around the grave."

Following the funeral service on Friday, the Major conducted the memorial service at the Y.M.C.A. Hall the following Sunday evening, a number testified to the character and life of our late comrade, and we are certain that, although she is dead, her life-work still lives.

Mrs. Capt. Cox had a long and successful career in Canada prior to her marriage and transfer to the American

OUR HOSTILERS HONOR ROLL

Down Goes Currell!—Mrs. Adjt. Dowell Leads—Murray for "Gipsy!"

The Cadets Hot on the Track
—A Revelation in Skagway.

Arab still wears the smile of the conqueror. He is ten paces ahead this week, and going grandly.

The Eastern Star is bound to excel. It shines with 101 lustre this week. The next three Provinces come 90, 80, and 70.

Mrs. Adjt. Dowell leads with 285, followed by Capt. Hocklin, 271, Lieut. Moore, 230, and Lieut. McLeod, 210.

Lieut. Currell has fallen! Oh me, oh my! What a terrible thing! No less than four other boomers are ahead of her this week. Come, Lieutenant, you surely won't stand this; I have unbounded faith in you yet.

Who says the Red Knights are mere "capers." Look at Adjt. Welch's name under the Klondike list. Well and bravely done, Gipsy. (I trust she will excuse the familiar style of address. It's only excuse is the fact that everybody else calls her the same name.)

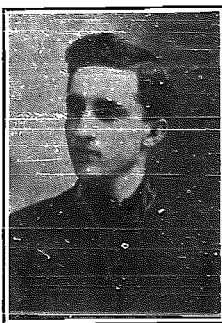
As the Cadets near the end of their term, the pace is hotter. Cadet Darch is evidently intending to get after Lieut. Currell as soon as his suit reaches the field. Well, here are the wishes to you, Cadet!

Ye worthy Editor was telling me that in every house he entered while staying in Skagway he found a War Cry supplement hanging on the wall. Good old War Cry! What a sight of blessing you must bring into the world! Oh, ye boomers, never be ashamed of these pages.

Eastern Province.

101 Hostilers.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I. | 285 |
| Lieut. Moore, Sydney | 230 |
| Lieut. McLeod, Hamilton | 210 |
| P. S. M. Veinot, Halifax | 156 |
| G. P. T. Westville | 150 |
| Capt. Martin, Fredericton | 150 |
| Sergt. Lidstone, Glace Bay | 145 |
| P. S. M. Casbin, Halifax I. | 125 |
| Adjt. Wiggins, New Glasgow | 125 |
| Capt. Payne, Moncton | 125 |
| Lieut. Newell, Eastport | 110 |
| Sergt. Flood, Hamilton | 100 |
| P. S. M. McQueen, Moncton | 100 |
| Lieut. Parsons, Chatham | 92 |
| Capt. Davis, Sussex | 90 |
| Ensign McFadden, New Glasgow | 90 |
| Ensign Wilson, Carleton | 90 |
| Sec. Stevenson, Calais | 85 |
| Capt. White, Sackville | 85 |
| Lieut. Fawson, New Glasgow | 80 |
| P. S. M. Lovely, Parnborough | 75 |
| Lieut. Holdens, Carleton | 75 |
| Capt. Prince, St. George's | 75 |
| Mrs. Capt. Parsons, Amherst | 70 |
| Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor | 62 |
| Capt. Chandler, Canning | 60 |
| Lieut. Wiley, St. Stephen | 60 |
| Sgt. Gibbons, St. George's | 60 |
| Lieut. Legge, Woodstock | 60 |
| Capt. Armstrong, Truro | 55 |
| Capt. Muirhead, Liverpool | 55 |
| Lieut. Clark, Liverpool | 55 |
| E. Peckwood, St. George's | 55 |
| D. Smith, Campbellton | 50 |
| Capt. Mercer, Campbellton | 50 |
| Adjt. Byers, Moncton | 50 |
| Capt. Smith, Moncton | 50 |
| Capt. Hudson, St. John II. | 50 |
| Ensign Knight, St. John II. | 50 |
| Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III. | 50 |
| Lieut. Harding, Stellarton | 50 |
| Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Louisbourg | 50 |
| M. Grain, Glace Bay | 50 |
| Ga. Larimore, St. John | 47 |
| Sergt. Place, Hamilton | 45 |
| Lieut. Ritchie, Bear River | 45 |
| Capt. Wyatt, Kentville | 42 |
| Lieut. Ginnivan, Kentville | 42 |
| May Turner, St. John V. | 40 |
| Lieut. Wood, Houlton | 40 |
| Capt. Ebsary, Digby | 40 |



Capt. Meeks.
A well-known War Cry Boomer.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| Lieut. White, Digby | 40 |
| Capt. Green, St. Stephen | 40 |
| W. Jennings, St. George's | 40 |
| Sergt. Semple, Fredericton | 40 |
| Lieut. McLennan, Bridgewater | 40 |
| Ensign Mrs. Carter, Dartmouth | 40 |
| Sergt. Virgil, Southampton | 36 |
| Lieut. Cavender, Truro | 35 |
| Ensign Carter, Dartmouth | 35 |
| Sergt. Ross, Fredericton | 35 |
| Lieut. Munroe, Fairville | 32 |
| Cand. McKervey, St. John III. | 32 |
| Capt. Tatem, Lunenburg | 32 |
| Capt. Lamont, St. John V. | 30 |
| Lieut. Grivvie, St. John V. | 30 |
| Sergt. McKay, Halifax II. | 30 |
| Sister Jarvis, Halifax II. | 30 |
| J. Harwick, St. Stephen | 30 |
| Capt. Bell, Freeport | 30 |
| Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton | 30 |
| Sergt. Rowe, Fredericton | 30 |
| Sergt. Smith, Glace Bay | 30 |
| Capt. Tiller, Sydney Mines | 30 |
| Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines | 30 |
| M. Smith, Windsor | 30 |
| Sergt. Burns, Somerset | 30 |
| Lieut. Weakley, North Head | 25 |
| Mrs. Douglass, Calais | 25 |
| Lieut. McKim, Halifax IV. | 25 |
| Capt. Murthog, Hillsboro | 25 |
| Sergt. England, Chatham | 25 |
| Lieut. Veinot, Halifax I. | 25 |
| Mrs. J. Fraser, Halifax | 25 |
| E. Robinson, Umbagog | 25 |
| Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John III. | 25 |
| P. S. M. Jones, St. John III. | 25 |
| Mrs. Young, Lunenburg | 25 |
| Sergt. Dennis, Glace Bay | 25 |
| Ensign Taylor, Glace Bay | 25 |
| Sergt. Smith, Hamilton | 25 |
| Sergt. Lodge, Hamilton | 25 |
| J. Obselett, North Sydney | 25 |
| Lieut. Bruce, Annapolis | 22 |
| P. S. M. Jefferson, Annapolis | 21 |
| Mrs. Major Connor, Brantford | 20 |
| S-M. Kent, Bear River | 20 |
| Stella Osborne, Fredericton | 20 |
| A. Taylor, Truro | 20 |
| Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth | 20 |
| Lieut. McDow, St. John II. | 20 |

West Ontario Province.

90 Hostilers.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. Hocklin, London | 271 |
| Capt. Burton, Galt | 150 |
| Capt. Maizey, Brantford | 133 |
| Mary Schuster, Berlin | 106 |
| Lieut. Crafts, Goderich | 100 |
| Lieut. West, Chatham | 100 |
| Ensign Taylor, Stratford | 100 |
| Ensign Sims, Woodstock | 100 |
| P. S. M. Huffman, Woodstock | 100 |
| Lieut. Close, Stratford | 100 |
| Capt. Carr, Sarnia | 100 |
| Sister Thompson, Wallaceburg | 100 |
| Mrs. Major Connor, Brantford | 100 |
| Adjt. Scott, Sarnia | 80 |
| Capt. Barner, Clinton | 80 |
| Mrs. Capt. Coy, Leamington | 80 |
| Lieut. Hinsley, Simcoe | 75 |
| Ensign Jarvis, Essex | 75 |
| Ensign Smith, Petrolia | 70 |
| Ensign Haley, St. Thomas | 70 |
| Mrs. Hoddinott, Ingersoll | 70 |
| Lieut. Anderson, Tilsonburg | 70 |
| Sister Howlett, Hespeler | 65 |
| Lieut. Ellis, Ridgetown | 60 |
| S-M. Tremblay, Listowel | 60 |
| Capt. Jordinson, Drayton | 50 |

| | |
|------------------------------|----|
| Capt. Dowell, Palmerston | 50 |
| Supt. Strator, Stratford | 50 |
| Capt. Crawford, St. Thomas | 50 |
| Nellie Langley, St. Thomas | 50 |
| Lieut. Murray, Chatham | 50 |
| Verna Crafts, Chatham | 50 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Cannon, Guelph | 50 |
| Mrs. Richards, Guelph | 47 |
| Lieut. McColl, Bothwell | 45 |
| Capt. Yeomans, Wingham | 45 |
| Capt. Williams, Clinton | 45 |
| Reggie Rowe, Brantford | 45 |
| Adjt. Gancour, Guelph | 45 |
| Adjt. Goodwin, London | 45 |
| Mrs. Rock, Seaforth | 45 |
| Capt. Hancock, Hespeler | 45 |
| Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll | 45 |
| Sergt. Fred Palmer, London | 45 |
| Mrs. Dowell, Paris | 45 |
| Hannah Burns, Dresden | 45 |
| Ensign Slote, Woodstock | 45 |
| Capt. Pattenden, Wallaceburg | 45 |
| Lieut. Martin, Berlin | 45 |
| Ensign Howcroft, Wingham | 45 |
| Capt. Young, Fergus | 45 |
| Lieut. Cook, Theford | 45 |
| Capt. White, Ridgetown | 45 |
| Mrs. Hocklin, St. Thomas | 45 |
| Mrs. McIlroy, St. Thomas | 45 |
| Ina Groom, Brantford | 45 |
| Cand. Woods, Watford | 45 |
| Sister Nee, Ingersoll | 45 |
| Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia | 45 |
| Lieut. Yeomans, Paris | 45 |
| Mary Wissen, Simcoe | 45 |
| Capt. Coy, Leamington | 45 |
| Maggie Chatterton, Brantford | 45 |
| Sec. McDonald, Wingham | 45 |
| Huncell Robinson, Windsor | 45 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia | 45 |
| Lizzie Garside, London | 45 |
| Lieut. Webber, London | 45 |
| Nellie Brann, Bothwell | 45 |
| Lottie Christian, Petrolia | 45 |
| Sister Lindsay, Stratford | 45 |
| Rose Ellis, Dresden | 45 |
| Christina, Dresden | 45 |
| Pearl Haddock, Chatham | 45 |
| C-C. Smith, Tilsonburg | 45 |
| David Virtue, Windsor | 45 |
| Capt. Kitchen, Paris | 45 |
| Mother Broadwell, Kingsville | 45 |
| Bro. Mesgrove, Wroxeter | 45 |
| S-M. Gray, Kingsville | 45 |
| Capt. Henry, Listowel | 45 |
| Sister Knapp, Ingersoll | 45 |
| Bella Beach, London | 45 |
| Ensign Helfman, Goderich | 45 |
| Capt. Rock, Seaforth | 45 |
| Lieut. Allen, Watford | 45 |
| Sister Dixon, St. Thomas | 45 |
| Capt. Pickle, Theford | 45 |
| Sister Dearling, Listowel | 45 |
| S-M. Brydon, Windsor | 45 |

Central Ontario Province.

80 Hostilers.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Lieut. Currell, Hamilton I. | 200 |
| Sergt. Major Dunwock, Lippincott | 185 |
| Ensign Huxley, Hamilton | 185 |
| Ensign Lott, North Bay | 100 |
| Capt. Wilson, Newmarket | 75 |
| Capt. Howcroft, Owen Sound | 75 |
| Capt. Rose, Orillia | 75 |
| Sergt. Slater, Barrie | 63 |
| Bro. McKim, Hamilton | 63 |
| Capt. McCann, Yorkville | 60 |
| Lieut. Dauberville, Yorkville | 60 |
| Mrs. Capt. LeCocq, Hamilton II. | 60 |
| Lieut. Porter, Collingwood | 59 |
| Capt. Stephens, Collingwood | 59 |
| Ensign Talger, Owen Sound | 59 |
| Cand. Hatter, Orillia | 56 |
| Bro. Moffit, Riverside | 55 |
| Ensign Hyde, Riverside | 55 |
| S-M. Mrs. Stewart, Lisgar St. | 50 |
| Lieut. Welshy, Uxbridge | 50 |
| C-C. Cornell, Lindsay | 50 |
| Capt. Hart, Parry Sound | 50 |
| S-M. Pulbrook, Barrie | 50 |
| Capt. Stephens, Meaford | 45 |
| Lieut. Phillips, Meaford | 45 |
| Capt. Capper, Brantford | 45 |
| Ensign Smith, Fenelon Falls | 45 |
| Capt. Cornish, Riverside | 44 |
| Capt. Stolliker, Riverside | 40 |
| S-M. Hinton, Oakville | 40 |
| Lieut. Smith, Oshawa | 40 |
| Lieut. Porter, Midland | 40 |
| C-C. Gault, Midland | 40 |
| Lieut. Griffith, Sturgeon Falls | 37 |
| Capt. Sticklels, Sturgeon Falls | 37 |
| Cand. Bond, Sudbury | 35 |
| Capt. Clinck, Sudbury | 30 |
| Lieut. Marshele, Brantford | 30 |
| Ensign Smith, Fenelon Falls | 30 |
| Capt. Kivell, Fenelon Falls | 30 |
| Louise Coy, Hamilton I. | 30 |
| Ensign Hanna, Dundas | 30 |
| Ensign Brant, Oshawa | 30 |
| Capt. Brazier, Oshawa | 28 |
| Lieut. Sticklels, Gravenhurst | 27 |
| Sergt. Clark, Lippincott | 26 |
| Capt. Marshall, Omemee | 25 |
| Sergt. M. Campbell, Chesley | 25 |
| Bro. Sherwood, Collingwood | 25 |
| Capt. Keble, Collingwood | 25 |
| Lieut. Wilson, Brantford | 25 |
| Capt. Matthews, Burk's Falls | 25 |

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| C-C. Gerow, Burk's Falls | 25 |
| Lieut. Meader, Burk's Falls | 25 |
| Adjt. Balo, Lisgar St. | 25 |
| Sergt. Mrs. Bro. Parry Sound | 25 |
| Lieut. Sheppard, Barrie | 25 |
| Trent Miller, Brantford | 25 |
| P. S. M. Stenden, Brantford | 25 |
| S-M. Boyer, Brantford | 20 |
| S-M. Mrs. Bowers, Lisgar St. | 20 |
| S-M. McHenry, Lisgar St. | 20 |
| S-M. Southwell, Huron St. | 20 |
| C-C. Gledhill, Huron St. | 20 |
| B. of L. S-M. Boomer, Huron St. | 20 |
| Capt. Calvert, Huron St. | 20 |
| Ensign Sherwin, Bowmanville | 20 |
| Capt. Huskinson, Bowmanville | 20 |
| Sergt. N. Grenville, Bowmanville | 20 |
| Capt. Curtis, Bowmanville | 20 |
| Capt. Pattenden, Orangeville | 20 |
| Lieut. Hudgin, Orangeville | 20 |
| Martha Porter, Hamilton II. | 20 |
| C-C. Courtmontanche, Norland | 20 |
| Lieut. Williams, Kinnmount | 20 |
| Capt. Curcio, Midland | 20 |
| Sergt. Nelson, Lindsay | 20 |
| Adjt. Sims, Lindsay | 20 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Sims, Lindsay | 20 |
| Martha Robson, Fenelon Falls | 20 |

East Ontario Province.

70 Hostilers.

| | |
|--------------------------------|-----|
| P. S. M. Dudley, Ottawa | 168 |
| Capt. Edwards, Quebec | 139 |
| Ensign Hutt, Burlington | 120 |
| Mrs. Raymo, Barre | 125 |
| Lieut. Lowrie, Picton | 108 |
| Capt. Bliss, Perth | 100 |
| Capt. Newell, Barre | 100 |
| Lieut. Holliday, Peterborough | 100 |
| Sergt. Moore, Montreal | 100 |
| Adjt. McNamara, Kingston | 88 |
| Sergt. Rogers, Montreal I. | 88 |
| Mrs. Capt. Green, Cornwall | 80 |
| Lieut. Greenlands, Trenton | 80 |
| Capt. Lang, Ottawa | 75 |
| Capt. Curcio, Midland | 75 |
| Sergt. Welsh, Burlington | 75 |
| Capt. Magee, St. Johnsbury | 70 |
| Lieut. Webber, St. Johnsbury | 70 |
| Lieut. Matthews, Port Hope | 68 |
| Adjt. Moore, Peterboro | 65 |
| Capt. Hicks, Peterboro | 65 |
| Lieut. Foley, Pembroke | 65 |
| Capt. O'Neil, Arapahoe | 60 |
| Lieut. Duncan, Brockville | 60 |
| Sergt. Russell, Millbrook | 60 |
| Lieut. Langley, Burlington | 55 |
| Capt. W. H. Kingston | 55 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Moore, Peterboro | 50 |
| Lieut. Owens, St. Albans | 50 |
| Lieut. Hoole, Kingston | 50 |
| Capt. Ash, Ogdensburg | 50 |
| Lieut. Carpenter, Ogdensburg | 50 |
| Mrs. Stevenson, Peterboro | 50 |
| C-C. Politt, Kingston | 47 |
| Sergt. Hornback, Cobourg | 45 |
| Sister Harbour, Ottawa | 45 |
| Mrs. Ensign Pugh, Tweed | 45 |
| Mrs. Barber, Kingston | 45 |
| Mrs. H. H. Kingston | 45 |
| Mrs. Hippert, Montreal II. | 45 |
| Capt. Pitcher, Gananoque | 41 |
| Lieut. Soward, Gananoque | 40 |
| C-C. Casselman, Brockville | 40 |
| Ensign Bloss, Ottawa | 40 |
| Bro. McKim, Montreal I. | 36 |
| S-M. Rice, Montreal I. | 35 |
| Mrs. Yake, St. Johnsbury | 35 |
| Mrs. Osmond, Ottawa | 31 |
| Sergt. Wright, Montreal I. | 30 |
| P. S. M. Marshall, Montreal I. | 30 |
| Sergt. Ritchie, Montreal I. | 30 |
| Mrs. Symington, Montreal I. | 30 |
| Lieut. McVety, Sherbrooke | 25 |
| Lieut. Rutledge, Cobourg | 25 |
| Trena, White, Brockville | 25 |
| Capt. Clark, Brockville | 25 |
| Sergt. Moore, Peterboro | 25 |
| Lieut. Hink, Kingston | 25 |
| N. Clark, Picton | 25 |
| Mrs. Cross, Cornwall | 25 |
| Capt. Green, Cornwall | 25 |
| Capt. Crego, Montreal II. | 25 |
| Ensign St. John, Montreal II. | 25 |
| Capt. Clark, Picton | 22 |
| Mrs. Gee, Ottawa | 20 |
| C-C. Mullen, Cornwall | 20 |
| Sergt. Stone, Lakefield | 20 |
| Mrs. Stone, Lakefield | 20 |
| Dad Duquet, Thessalon | 20 |
| Miss Gilliam, Renfrew | 20 |

Newfoundland Province.

63 Hostilers.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|----|
| S-M. Ebsary, St. John's I. | 90 |
| Mrs. Adjt. Fraser, St. John's I. | 71 |
| Capt. Moore, St. John's I. | 70 |
| Mrs. Harris, St. John's I. | 70 |
| S-M. St. John, St. John's I. | 70 |
| Nellie Rose, Grand Bank | 70 |
| Lieut. Ebsary, Carbonear | 47 |
| Capt. Stickleland, Tilt Cove | 45 |
| Sergt. Blackmore, Pilley's Island | 33 |
| Lieut. Mercer, Carbonear | 32 |
| Capt. H. H. Carbonear | 32 |
| Lieut. Burt, Bay Roberts | 30 |
| Sergt. Evans, Hant's Harbor | 30 |
| Sergt. Gerford, Hant's Harbor | 30 |

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|----------------------------------|----|
| S.M. Riddick, Tilt Cove | 30 |
| Sergt. Carry Fitcher, Selly Cove | 30 |
| Lieut. Matthews, Harbor Grace | 30 |
| Mrs. Pynn, Ward's Harbor | 30 |
| Jane Taylor, Carboneau | 30 |
| Capt. Sheppard, Clark's Beach | 30 |
| Sergt. M. Bennett, Fortune | 25 |
| Sergt. Jane Ash, Carboneau | 25 |
| J. S.-M. Adey, Clarenceville | 25 |
| Mrs. M. Coal, Clarenceville | 25 |
| Lieut. LeDrew, Grand Bank | 25 |
| Capt. Noel, Charlottetown | 25 |
| Cadet Butler, St. John's I. | 25 |
| Cadet Jones, St. John's I. | 25 |
| Minnie House, Musgravetown | 22 |
| Sergt. Honeyburn, Musgravetown | 22 |
| Sergt. Crocker, Heart's Delight | 22 |
| Lieut. Newman, Gooseberry Island | 22 |
| Adj. Fraser, St. John's I. | 22 |
| Cadet Connecke, St. John's I. | 20 |
| Sergt. Biunden, St. John's I. | 20 |
| Lieut. Ebsary, Old Perlican | 20 |
| Lieut. Young, St. John's I. | 20 |
| Lieut. Mercer, Harbor Grace | 20 |
| Sergt. Ash, Harbor Grace | 20 |
| Sergt. Mavon, Fortune | 20 |
| Cand. Moulton, Burin | 20 |
| Sergt. Collins, Bumbo | 20 |
| Rhoda White, Carboneau | 20 |
| P. B. M. Harding, Greenspond | 20 |
| Capt. Brace, Shearstown | 20 |
| Sergt. Gosse, Shearstown | 20 |
| Capt. Barry, Burin | 20 |
| Sergt. Kirby, Burin | 20 |
| S.M. Green, Arnold's Cove | 20 |
| John Temple, Arnold's Cove | 20 |
| Alice Chapman, Little Bay Island | 20 |
| Susie Braker, Brigue | 20 |
| Sergt. H. Bruin, Musgravetown | 20 |

North-West Province.

43 Hustlers.

| | |
|----------------------------------|-----|
| Sergt. Livermore, Winnipeg | 154 |
| Lieut. Foreberg, Winnipeg | 115 |
| Ensign Collett, Rat Portage | 115 |
| Capt. Bledgett, Jamestown | 100 |
| Ensign Mercer, Fort William | 100 |
| Mrs. Capt. Gilliam, Calgary | 88 |
| Capt. Gamble, Moorhead | 82 |
| Capt. Babkirk, Moorhead | 82 |
| Sergt. Measer, Winnipeg | 80 |
| Capt. Anderson, Edmonton | 77 |
| Ensign Hayes, Fargo | 70 |
| Capt. Haugen, Devil's Lake | 65 |
| Mrs. Edna Johnson, Moorhead | 65 |
| Ensign McLean, Port Arthur | 60 |
| Lieut. Minear, Minot | 60 |
| Mrs. Curtis, Portage la Prairie | 58 |
| Lieut. Irwin, Carberry | 55 |
| Capt. Leadman, Winnipeg | 50 |
| Capt. McKay, Fargo | 50 |
| Ensign Wynn, Brandon | 50 |
| Capt. Barrager, Brandon | 50 |
| Lieut. Cook, Lethbridge | 48 |
| Lieut. Wiley, Prince Albert | 48 |
| Capt. Hulse, Moosehead | 44 |
| Cand. Stickley, Dauphin | 44 |
| Capt. Scott, Regina | 42 |
| Capt. Meyers, Grafton | 42 |
| Lieut. McLean, Grand Forks | 40 |
| C. C. Johnston, Grand Forks | 38 |
| Cadet Lewis, Selkirk | 37 |
| Cadet Plester, Souris | 36 |
| Capt. Taylor, Portage la Prairie | 33 |
| Capt. Livingston, Neepawa | 33 |
| Lieut. Mansell, Emerson | 30 |
| Adj. Crozier, Neepawa | 30 |
| Ensign Green, Moose Jaw | 25 |
| Lieut. Nuttall, Grafton | 24 |
| Adj. Hayes, Lethbridge | 22 |
| Sergt. Johnston, Winnipeg | 21 |
| Sergt. Montgomerie, Winnipeg | 21 |
| Lieut. Cusler, Moose Jaw | 21 |
| Lieut. Lenwick, Valley City | 20 |
| Ensign Taylor, Carman | 20 |

Pacific Province.

32 Hustlers.

| | |
|-----------------------------------|-----|
| Capt. Johnstone, Whistman | 130 |
| Capt. McCormick, Victoria | 125 |
| Capt. Walruth, Victoria | 123 |
| Mrs. Adj. Ayre, Spokane | 100 |
| Mother Hooker, Kalspelt | 90 |
| Capt. Hurst, Vancouver | 85 |
| Lieut. Johnson, Vancouver | 82 |
| Lieut. Rowland, Fernie | 80 |
| Cadet Yerex, Lewiston | 75 |
| Flora Pogue, Nelson | 73 |
| Capt. Heister, New Westminster | 68 |
| Ensign Southam, Nanaimo | 62 |
| Adj. Yerex, Grand Falls | 59 |
| Cadet Lewis, Great Falls | 52 |
| Mrs. Rountree, Everett | 50 |
| Lieut. Connon, Everett | 50 |
| Capt. Miller, Greenwood | 50 |
| Cadet Robbidge, Greenwood | 50 |
| Sergt. Terryberry, Vancouver | 50 |
| Mrs. Supter, Lewiston | 40 |
| Sister Wright, Victoria | 40 |
| Mrs. Adj. Nelson, New Westminster | 32 |
| Capt. Charlton, Nelson | 31 |
| Cand. Young, Dillon | 27 |
| Sergt. Norbury, Spokane | 25 |
| Sergt. McCormick, Spokane | 25 |
| Ensign Scott, Nelson | 25 |
| Lieut. McDonald, Spokane | 24 |
| Sergt. H. Riley, Spokane | 20 |

| | |
|-------------------------------|----|
| Ensign Butler, Spokane | 20 |
| Bro. Sahn, Spokane | 20 |
| Mrs. Ensign Cummins, Missoula | 20 |

Territorial Training Home.

15 Hustlers.

| | |
|-------------------|----|
| Cadet Darch | 77 |
| Cadet Jones | 50 |
| Cadet Gilbank | 43 |
| Cadet Henderson | 38 |
| Cadet Palmer | 37 |
| Cadet L. White | 33 |
| Cadet Oke | 31 |
| Cadet Whales | 26 |
| Cadet Lemmance | 25 |
| Cadet Clark | 23 |
| Cadet J. W. White | 23 |
| Cadet Parker | 21 |
| Cadet McKay | 20 |
| Cadet Richardson | 20 |

The Klondike.

2 Hustlers.

| | |
|---------------------|-----|
| Capt. Long, Skagway | 160 |
| Adj. Welch, Skagway | 76 |

The Hygiene Class.

CHAPTER XII.

Care of the Sick.—Every physician knows that in the majority of cases much more depends upon the care taken of the patient, receives from his nurse, than from himself. A careless nurse has often turned the scale, which hung nearly evenly balanced between life and death, adverse to recovery. The following are some of the more essential matters which demand attention, though nothing can supply the native tact and grace which are necessary to make a good nurse:—

1. Secure a constant supply of pure air from outdoors. It is not sufficient to open a door leading into the room. Cold air may be very impure. Be careful to exclude the air from the kitchen and wash-room as perfectly as possible.

2. Admit the light and sunshine freely. Direct sunlight is sometimes unpleasant to the patient; if so, shade the windows with white curtains, which will admit the light. In a few degrees it may be necessary to keep the patient in a darkened room for a few days.

3. Maintain an equable temperature. More fire is needed in the morning and evening than at noon. Regulate the heat by a thermometer hung near the bed. The thermometer should never be below seventy degrees. Old people especially need attention in this particular. A fall of a few degrees in temperature is often fatal to them. Avoid draughts.

4. The linen of the patient, and his bedding, should be changed every day at least. Daily washing will not be demanded in all cases, but the clothing should hang for several hours near a window to dry.

5. Food for sick people should be always be simple and neatly prepared. Light food is usually the best. Condiments should be very sparingly added, if at all. Oatmeal gruel is one of the best articles of food for the sick. Fruit may be freely allowed if of good quality and ripe. Beef tea and broth will not sustain life. A dog starved sooner on a diet of beef tea than would have done with nothing at all. Give food regularly, as in health; continual dosing with milk, or any other food, is harmful.

6. The patient himself should be kept scrupulously clean. The whole body should be washed several times a week at least. The mouth and teeth should be daily cleaned.

7. The sick chamber should be made pleasant by a tasteful arrangement of its furnishings, by flowers, simple pictures, etc. Frequent change in the aspect of the room is desirable.

8. The patient should never be kept in a state of expectancy when a prognosis is made to him—fulfill it promptly.

9. Whispering or low talking in the sick-room, or adjoining rooms, will arouse the patient's fears unnecessarily.

10. Hasty movements in the sick room are always annoying to the patient. A calm, deliberate air on the part of the nurse inspires confidence. 11. Arrangements for the night should be made before the patient becomes sleepy, so that he may not be disturbed. Otherwise, the movements

necessary in making the needed preparations may cause him to become so restless that sleep will be impossible.

12. All avoidable noises should be prevented. Creaking doors, squeaking boots or shoes, a swinging blind, or a flapping curtain, are intolerable to the sensitive ears of invalids. Coal should never be poured from the scuttle upon the fire. Bring it into the room in small parcels wrapped in damp paper. These can be laid upon the fire noiselessly.

13. If the patient can sleep, let him sleep. Never think of waking a sick person out of a sound sleep. Refreshing sleep will do him more good than all the medicines and baths in the world.

14. The covering of the patient in bed should be several folds, quaking blankets, rather than one or two heavy ones.

15. Strangers and visitors should be prohibited from entering the sick-room of a feeble patient. Visiting will often determine a fatal issue of the disease.

16. Water kept in a sick-room should be often changed. Never drink that which has been in the room for more than a few minutes.

17. Always wear a cheerful face. Do not look solemn and anxious, even though the case may be grave.

18. Never annoy the patient by questions, or too much conversation.

19. Always recollect that nature must cure. All you can do is to make the conditions as favorable as possible.

Domestic Hints.

To clean matting, wash it with salt and water, but no soap. Rub the way of the straw, but not across it, and then dry. The salt in the water prevents it from turning yellow.

Janu. some say, will not only be much nicer, but will keep longer. If the scum is not taken off when it is made, but, instead, it is allowed to boil itself clear, and is then poured into warm jars.

When ironing starched clothes with fringe, take a basin of rather hot water, dip in the fringe, wring dry and shake. The fringe will then be ready to iron and will require no combing.

To set delicate colors, place a flannel bag full of bran in a basin of boiling water, allowing it to remain there until the water is cold, then wash the article gently in it with curd soap, and rinse quickly.

The juice of half a lemon in a cup of strong, black coffee, without sugar or milk, seldom fails to cure a sick headache.

Tinware can be cleaned readily by rubbing with a damp cloth dipped in soda; rub briskly and wipe dry.

To keep apples through the winter in a barrel, bore holes in the bottom and sides, and store on a dry platform, at least a foot from the ground.

In grating lemons, only the yellow part should be used—the white pith is bitter; or, if chopped peel is preferred, a little sugar will assist the process, as it moistens, and so keeps the peel in a mass; in chopping for force, an iron, instead of sugar, helps in just the same way.

It pays well to do your mending before the articles go to the wash, as washing usually results in making the holes larger.

Sewer gas is counteracted by a handful of salt placed in toilet room basins.

A sponge is the best thing to wipe down paint with, as it leaves no "stuf."

To renovate leather chairs, wipe the cushions with a slightly damp cloth, and then rub dry. Next apply the white of an egg, beaten to a stiff froth, and rub with a soft cloth.

To keep the dining-room table in a good, well-polished condition, rub it once a week with a mixture of one ounce of spirits of turpentine and one ounce of olive oil. Apply it with a piece of flannel cloth.

Milk that has been standing any little time in a glass can be made by carefully poured into another jug, leaving a little at the bottom, for this portion of the milk is said to be injurious to health.



To Parents, Relations and Friends

We wish to say that missing persons in any part of the globe, whether they are in Canada, or elsewhere, are being sought by the Canadian Commission, and we are in a position to add that the Commission is able to give any information about persons advertised for.

First Insertion.

3567. FRASER, GEORGE. Age 33, short and stout, dark complexion, brown eyes. Formerly worked at McIntosh's Mill, Toronto. Left there for the West, in March, 1902. Supposed to be in Winnipeg or Brandon.

Second Insertion.

3564. YOUNG, JOHN EDMUND. Age 36, quite tall, dark hair, sandy mustache. Cooper. Wrote mother Oshkosh, Wis. Formerly worked at Ashland Ave., Chicago. Saying he was going West. May be in Klondike.

3565. CLARK, FRED BRUCE. Aged 24, medium height, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Farmer. Left Hamilton, Ont. ten years ago for Rossland, B.C. Last heard from at Rat Fodge, in August, '98. Sister enquires.

NEARLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS OLD.

The oldest Salvation Soldier in the West India has been called away to Glory.

She was nearly one hundred years of age, and was born a slave. She was a groupy woman in slavery, and has felt the lash of the driver's whip over her back—in fact she says the marks never wore out.

She was converted in her bed, she used to tell us, many years before the Army came to Jamaica. Some said it was the fanatic spirit she had, but it wasn't. Nobody seemed to sympathize, or help, or understand—indeed she herself understood herself. But she spoke with God, or Big Massa, as she called Him, and her life became changed for the better.

When the Salvation Army work was opened at Bluefields, Mother Sterling came along and asked us to set down her name from the very first.

"How do you spell it?" we asked. "I can never read or write," she replied, "but I can read my title clear to mansions in the sky."

Our work was not strange to her. God had shown her all, she declared, before we came. She was one of the first to don the uniform, and she never threw it aside. The old hallelujah she used to wear would have garnered a Salvation Army museum, if any portion of it had been left. When it was all gone she did the next best thing—she tired her head with a red handkerchief, which, she said, reminded people of the blood that had washed her sins away.

Not only was she a pattern in uniform wearing, but she was never absent from a meeting unless too sick to come. Nor was she ever backward in giving a testimony.

She managed to creep to her last meeting at Brighton a few weeks ago, when she introduced herself to Adj. and Mrs. Simons, who conducted it. "I was a slave to man, and a slave to sin, but now I am a slave to God!" This was a favorite testimony of hers, and after it she remembered us that she has gone on before.—W. I. Cry.



These Two Wanted to Join the Red Knights.

and addressed to **CONSUMERS UNION, C. BOOTH, S. A.**
Albert Town, Tennessee, U.S.A.